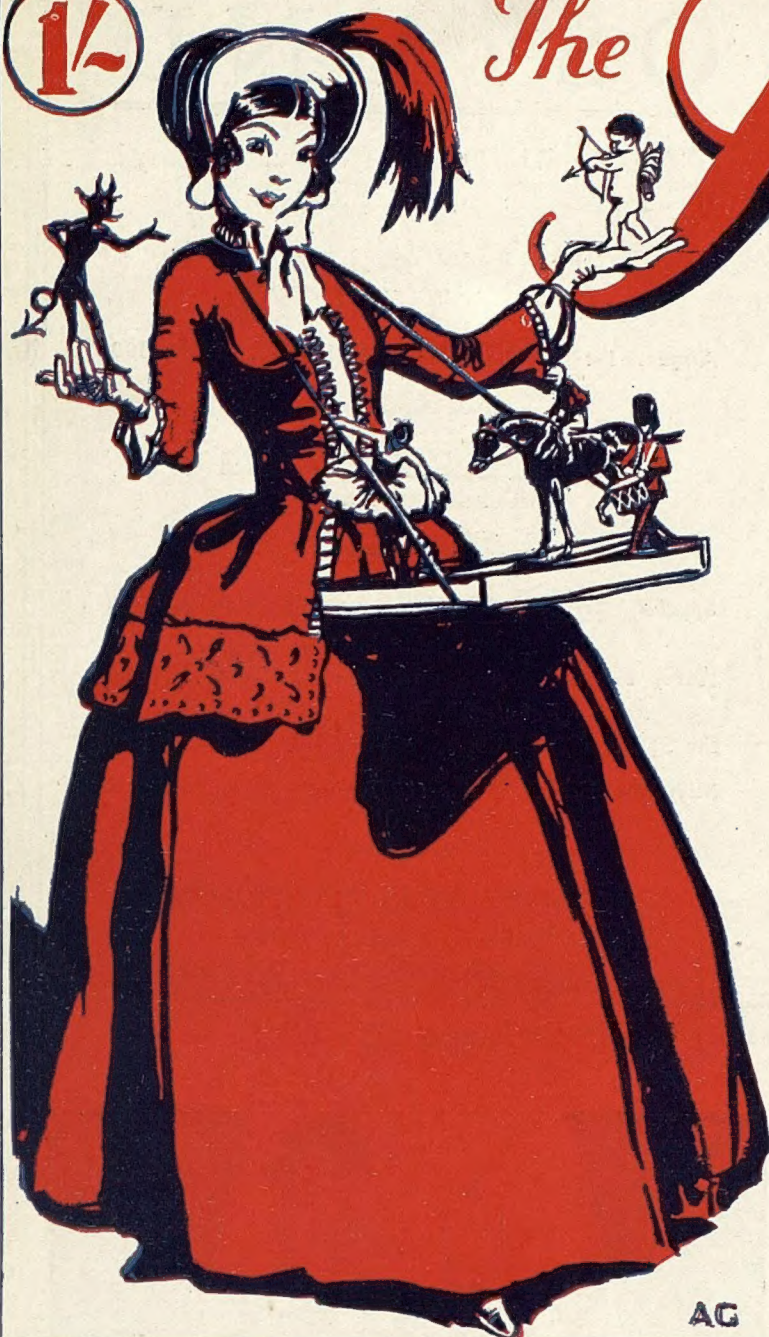


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# The Sketch

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of the other  
Ingredients

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OVAL  
CORK TIPPED

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Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course, keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

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# VEOLAY



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King and to  
H.R.H. the  
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## a Healthy Holiday

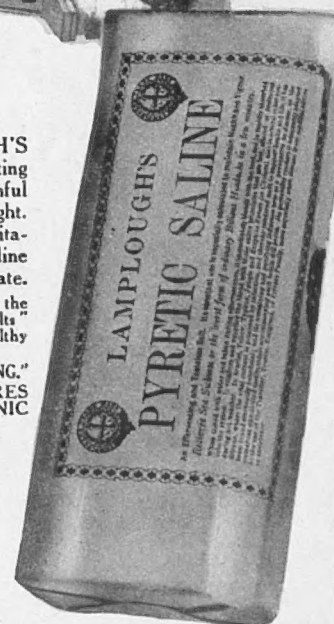
is ensured by putting a bottle of LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE in your bag before starting on your Summer Holidays, and taking a teaspoonful in water in morning, before dinner, or at night. A century's medical records show that it vitalises and supplies the blood with those saline principles often destroyed by change of climate. LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, which is the ORIGINAL, differs from other "Salines" and "Salts" and lessens risk of infection by rendering the system healthy and vigorous by blood purification.

The word "PYRETIC" means "FEVER-REDUCING." It stops SICKNESS and HEADACHES, CURES BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION and CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

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# The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1644 — Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



## HOUSEBOAT LIFE ON THE RIVER: DALY'S GIRLS READY FOR THEIR BEFORE-BREAKFAST SWIM.

The Beauty Chorus of "Madame Pompadour," at Daly's, who charm London nightly in their eighteenth-century finery, are shown in our photograph enjoying a day's holiday on the river, and make a fascinating

trio of bathing girls ready for their before-breakfast swim. Other photographs of the Daly's girls on board their houseboat on the Thames appear elsewhere in this issue.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]





# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT AUGUST.

**A**UGUST will be with us on Friday next. There is very little doubt about that. An upheaval of the universe might prevent it, but nothing less. And it would need a tremendous upheaval of the universe to prevent August Bank Holiday occurring on August the Fourth.

The month of August, rightly considered, is the strangest month of the English year. In the month of August everybody is seized with a home wanderlust. They don't want to go far, but they must go somewhere. An American would be perfectly happy in England during August. He could sing—

"I wanner be—I wanner be—  
I wanner be—I wanner be—  
I wanner be in York!"—

and go there. Nobody would be surprised. Nobody would comment on his peripateticism. If anybody *did* make any remark, it would simply be, "He's on his holiday." That would explain all. The only correct way to take a holiday during August is to keep on the move.

The average family begins by moving from its comfortable home, where the garden is in full bloom and the tennis-court almost perfect, to the seaside. It must get to the seaside somehow or other. It may motor, or it may go by train, but the seaside is the first objective.

When it gets to the seaside, what does it do? Rest? Look at the pretty water? Not a bit of it. It goes to the Information Bureau and receives a list of the places to visit. Suppose, for example, one family decides to go to Eastbourne. There is a tremendous discussion all through May, June, and July as to the relative merits of Eastbourne and Brighton. Half the family can't stand Eastbourne, and the other half "simply loathe" Brighton. So they go to Eastbourne because they went to Brighton the previous year.

As soon as it has unpacked its trunks, it demands, "Where shall we go to-morrow?" The hall-porter or the landlady says there is a nice excursion to Brighton. "Oh, top-hole!" cries the family, and they all book seats on the sharrybang for Brighton.

They spend the whole day in Brighton, returning to Eastbourne just in time to have supper and discuss the jaunt for the next day.

"I vote Bexhill!" cries the family flapper, and the suggestion is greeted with reverence for the flapperly brain.

"Monica certainly has got brains!" declares her father, and the others are so delighted at the prospect of going to Bexhill

that they leave the statement uncontradicted for the moment.

The next morning sees the whole family on the way to Bexhill. They spend the whole day in Bexhill, returning to Eastbourne just in time to have supper and get particulars of the sharrybangs running to Hastings.

At the end of a fortnight they have seen every place on the South Coast except Eastbourne. When they get back, friends call and say, "Well, did you enjoy

What they want to do is to keep on the move. All seaside places have piers, and concert-parties, and slot-machines, and bathing.

If you want to realise how many people there are in England, just frequent any big railway station in the month of August. Say, Crewe.

Crewe is not, they tell me, very attractive in itself. I never heard of anybody selecting Crewe for a holiday. Crewe is really, I suppose, a very important junction.

If you spend August at Crewe you will see, from the first to the thirty-first, quite half the people in England. The trains roll up to the platforms packed with people. They are all hot, and brown, and covered with imported fruit. The young children are waving bananas, rather helplessly, and the older children are washing their faces with oranges.

Father loves Crewe. He knows his Crewe. The moment the train stops he is out of his compartment, like a bullet from a rifle, and on the way to the refreshment-room. He knows to a yard where the refreshment-room is stationed. No glass of beer quite so good anywhere as the snatched glass in the refreshment-room at Crewe. Why? Simply because he is travelling. He has just arrived, and he will presently depart.

There is the added joy of the family agony. The family is certain that father will be left behind. Father has all their tickets and all the family money. Of course, there is not the slightest chance of father being left behind. He never is. Father knows to a second what time the train will be off. He has asked the guard, and the guard is keeping an eye on father and all the other fathers. Father could have six glasses of beer in the time, but he limits himself to one. The next glass at Rugby or Dumbarton or Caithness. Anywhere so long as he has moved on.

They don't really care where they are going, these people in the trains. They like to hear the wheels going round and watch the telegraph-posts go by. They feel immensely superior when the train stops

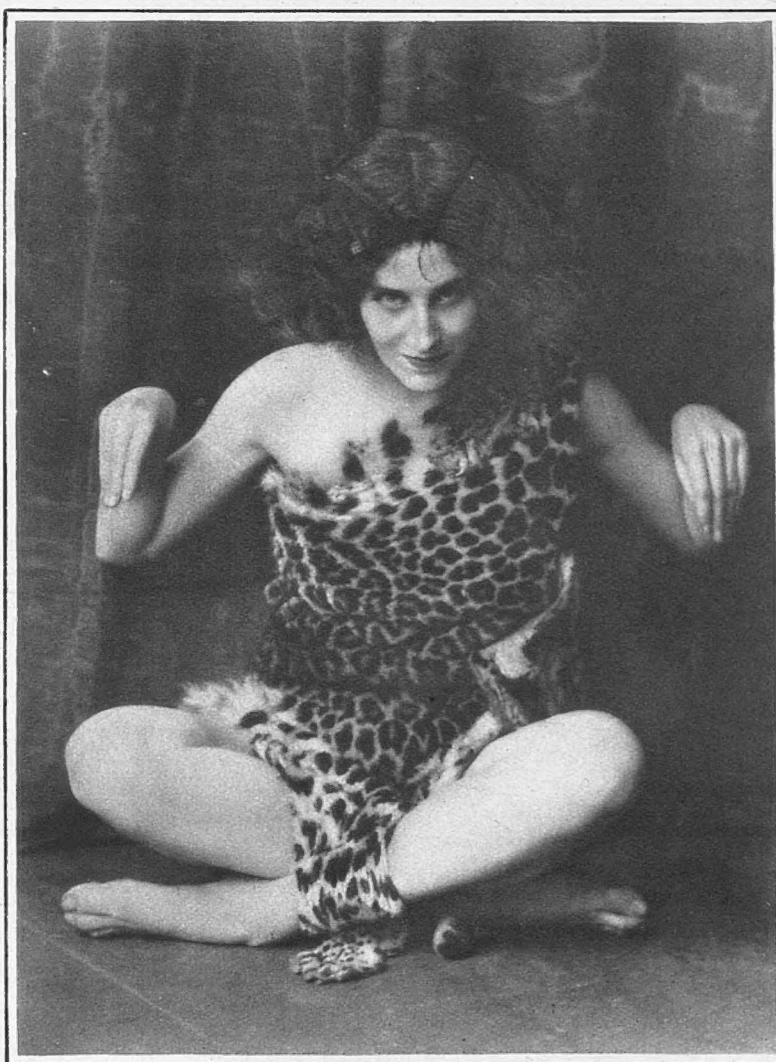
at a wayside station, and the rustics, who are not going anywhere, come and stare at them over the railings.

The rustics are comparatively cool and comfortable, but they wish they were in the train, going to some big town where there is no air and they would have to wear their best clothes and collars.

It is the August mania.

A fine thing. A national institution.

It begins on Friday. You watch.



THE DANCER WHO MADE HER DÉBUT AT MR. DE LASZLO'S PARTY:  
MISS GWEN HARTER IN HER "PAN DANCE."

Miss Gwen Harter is the clever and beautiful young dancer who made her professional début at the party given recently by Mr. de Laszlo, the famous artist, where she had the honour of performing before the Infanta Beatrice, the Infante Alphonso, and Princess Andrew of Greece, and other distinguished people. Miss Harter is a niece of Major-General Sir Edward Northey.

Photograph by Satterthwaite.

Eastbourne?" "Lovely!" cries the family. "We went to Bexhill, Pevensey, Brighton, Hastings, Worthing, and Shoreham!"

"And what do you think of Eastbourne itself?"

"Oh, well, you see, we hadn't time to see that. We must do Eastbourne next year when we're staying at Hastings."

It isn't, of course, that they really care a dump about Hastings, or Eastbourne, or Brighton, or Bexhill, or any other place.



## Why Should the Houseboat Die?



"MADAME POMPADOUR'S" BEAUTY CHORUS ON THE THAMES:  
THE DALY'S BATHING PARADE.



ALL READY FOR THE PLUNGE: MISSES KATHLEEN BEBINGTON, MADGE GRAY, RENÉE MATHER, RENÉE MALLORY, NAN WILD, GWEN D'ESPE,  
AND CONNIE ST. CLAIR, OF THE DALY'S SUCCESS.

The Beauty Chorus of "Madame Pompadour," the latest Daly's success, do not—like so many modern folk—despise the charm of the houseboat,

and are shown in our photograph enjoying the delights of a Sunday on the Thames, which includes swimming parade on the deck of their craft.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



# WEDDINGS AND WEDDING GUESTS, ARCHERY,



GUESTS AT THE FILMER-SANKEY—GROSVENOR WEDDING: LORD ELMLEY; AND LADY LETTICE LYGON.



AN ENTHUSIAST AT THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT OXFORD: LADY MAUD WARRENDER.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. CLIVE LAWRENCE AND MISS MILDRED DEW: THE BRIDE.



AT THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS AGRICULTURAL SHOW: MRS. SAM MARSH AND MISS MITCHELSON.



WITH HER FRACTURED ARM IN A SLING: MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS WINIFRED BARNES TO MR. ROY FAULKNER: BRIDE AND GROOM.

Lord Elmley and Lady Lettice Lygon are the eldest son and daughter of Lord and Lady Beauchamp, and first-cousins of Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey, daughter of the Duke of Westminster.—Lady Maud Warrender, the widow of Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, and mother of Sir Victor Warrender, is a keen archer.—The marriage of the Hon. Clive Lawrence, eldest son of Lord Trevethin, to Miss Mildred Dew, younger daughter of the late Rev. Edward Parker Dew, and of Mrs. Dew, was fixed to take place on Monday last, July 28, at Temple Church.—Lady Dunedin, C.B.E., the second wife of Lord Dunedin, is a keen fencer.—Lady Walpole is the wife of Sir Charles Walpole.—Miss Constance



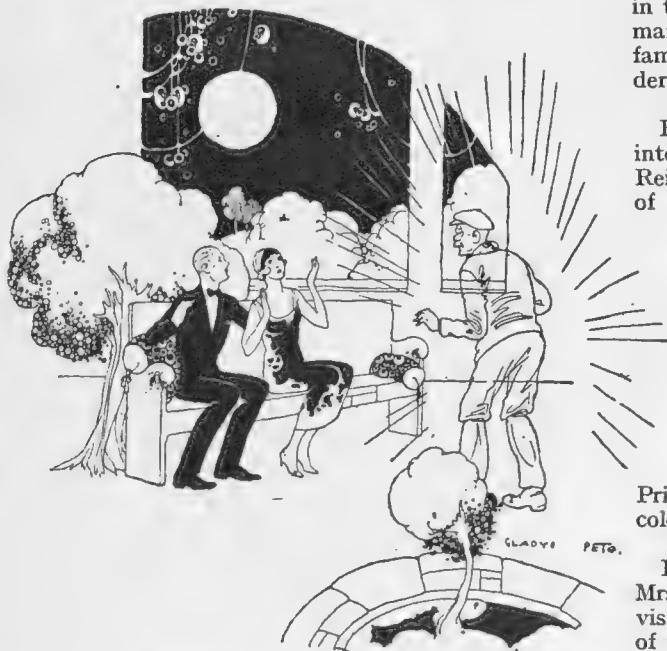
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not necessarily in a fashionable place such as the Bath Club, and Lambeth Public Baths have more than once been selected, as a rendezvous by members of the younger set. On one occasion those disporting themselves there and riding the rubber horses which are such amusing water-mounts were Lord Blandford, Lady Warrender, Lady Loughborough, Lady Patricia Ward, Lord Alington, and Mr. Inigo Freeman-Thomas with his



3. But Angela must have got the formula wrong somehow. The ghost now haunts her. He turns up at the most inopportune moments.

fiancée, Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson—who, by the way, is never known as Maxine, but always as "Blossom."

One of the most successful gatherings of the last days of London entertainments was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. de Laszlo (or Laszlo de Lombos, as the name appeared on the invitation cards). It was a great success, for everybody seemed to know everybody else—which is not always the case—and the entertainment provided was delightful.

To begin with, the environment was very attractive; the lofty, grey-walled studio, with its pillars of dull-green marble and long curtains of grey plush, made an admirable setting; and here, after a dinner which was attended by the Infanta Beatrice of Spain and her husband among others, there were songs in French, German, and Italian by Mr. Mark Raphael (who, as usual, was lucky enough to have Mr. Roger Quilter, the composer, to accompany him), and Miss Helen Henschel, and the intriguing magic of Mr. Douglas Dexter.

The Infanta Beatrice, who sat in the front row with Princess Nicholas of Greece, wore a green tulle scarf with her green frock; and the other side of the gangway was Princess Andrew of Greece in her favourite white satin, bordered with dark fur; and her two daughters, in jade-green, had some girl friends with them.

Green, by the way, was an easy first favourite among the women present. The Duchess of Wellington wore it, and had a throat-band of velvet to match her dress; Priscilla Lady Annesley was in green too; and so were Lady Burn and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who carried a monster feather fan of exactly the same bright shade as her gown; while Lady Annesley had a similar one of gay orange.

The Duchess of Portland looked magnificent in a frock of a curious mixture of pink and green, with jewelled embroideries in the two colours. Lord and Lady Bathurst (the latter in dark-blue and gold) were also among the guests; and there were plenty of decorations

to be seen on the black coats of the men. The host himself had innumerable miniature medals dangling on a chain from his button-hole—Continental fashion—and Lord Wester Wemyss was wearing the broad red ribbon of the G.C.B. across his shirt-front.

The Crown Princess of Roumania arrived rather late, but Mr. de Laszlo managed to find seats in front for her party. The second son of the house announced the various items in the programme in quite a happy, informal manner; and the schoolboy member of the family acted as volunteer assistant to the wonderful magician.

By the way, I have some Royal news of interest—not about any member of our Reigning House exactly, but on the subject of one of their intimates, Princess Mary's little grey Cairn terrier. The anxiety which his health has been causing has now been set at rest, to everyone's relief. The little dog had been under the care of the local vet., but he called in the famous Professor Hobday, and the little Cairn is now quite well again. Princess Mary used to own an Italian greyhound, but now the Scottie is prime favourite with her Royal mistress, and with Lord Lascelles too. She is grey, unlike the Prince of Wales's Cairns, which are cream-coloured.

But to return to recent events in town. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin's reception for Overseas visitors and others brought a varied number of people to her house in Eaton Square. In the dining-room, I have a recollection of seeing Mr. Rudyard Kipling deep in talk with Sir Robert Ho-Tung—one of the ablest men of the day, I'm told—who makes such a picturesque figure in his Chinese garb. At this party it consisted of a blue brocade coat worn with a sort of skirt of pale-grey, slit up on the right side, where it showed a glimpse of turquoise-blue. Lady Ho-Tung, however, prefers European dress; while Miss Ho-Tung, who is more vivacious than most Celestials, wears Chinese dress, and at Mrs. Baldwin's had a specially pretty gown of deep-blue brocade fastened with jade buttons.

Mr. Baldwin helped his wife to do the honours, and Miss Betty Baldwin was also present. A great attraction was provided by the magnificent achievements of the Baldwin cook, who had made a wonderful little house of marzipan, appropriately labelled Rose Cottage, for the place of honour on the tea-table. It had an open front door, climbing roses, and a fat chimney-pot of true cottage style.

Entertaining in restaurants is a custom which appeals to Londoners more strongly every season, and this year there have been a great many parties at the big hotels. Lady Cunard's thirty-strong dinners at the Ritz, followed by dancing, have been among the most remarkable restaurant entertainments, as she collects such a wonderful number of distinguished folk. At the last dinner she had Lord Balfour, Lord Betty, and Lord Cavan, as well as Sir Robert Horne; and Prince George of Russia, Lord Alington, and the Duchess of Sutherland and her sister, Lady Betty Butler, were also of the party.

In addition to the important weddings of last week, we had some christenings to attend. Lord Lichfield was godfather to the baby son of Lady Betty Trafford, who was made into a little Christian the other day at St. James's, Spanish Place. Edward Willoughby—those being the names given to Master Trafford—was very smartly dressed for his christening, as his grandmother, Lady Abingdon, lent a beautiful cloak of old Brussels lace, in which he was much admired by the guests, who included Lord and Lady

Abingdon, Lady Fitzalan, Lady Gwendeline Churchill, and Lady Alice Reyntiens.

Lord Revelstoke has been one of the end-of-season hosts, for his dinner dance for young people the other Tuesday was a delightful party. It was given principally for Miss Imogen Grenfell, and the guests included the Duchess of Portland, Lady Edward Grosvenor and her daughter, and the Winston Churchills.

Lady Diana Cooper, who has not been long back from America, gave a party one night last week, too. She and her husband live in Gower Street, where they have a beautifully decorated and furnished house. The guests there the other evening included Lady Diana's old friend, the Vicomtesse Henri de Janze (formerly Miss Phyllis Boyd) and the Marquise de Casa Maury, who, as Miss Paula Gellibrand, formed one of the notable group of handsome young people who used to go about town together. Russian artists entertained the company, and the garden, which is quite a feature of the house, was much appreciated on the warm evening.

Prince George is a recent visitor to town, and during his few days' leave of last week enjoyed some London festivities. I saw him lunching one day at the Savoy with Miss Poppy Baring, and hear that it is probable that he will be one of the guests of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring during Cowes Week. The party at Nubia House—where much lawn-tennis is always played between the yacht-racing—will also include the Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury.

Other news includes the announcement that Princess Antoine Bibesco, who sailed from America last week, is due in town this week for her annual visit to her parents. And talking of arrivals and departures, Lady Sassoon, who has just left town for Switzerland, had a delightful farewell party before going away. The guests included Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel, who brought Mrs. Henry Coventry, and Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley. By the way, Miss Mary Ashley, Colonel Ashley's younger daughter, went to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's dance the other evening with her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten. MARIEGOLD.



4. And also appeared at her dressmaker's. There was such a swooning and fleeing and scattering of pins! What can Angela do about it?



# The Marriage of the Duke of Westminster's Daughter.

Arriving at the church  
with his faithful Davy:  
Mr. George Graves.



Kept back forcibly by the police: the crowd outside St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens.



The bridesmaids & trainbearers:  
Master Brian Cotton,  
Lady Mary Grosvenor,  
Miss Grosvenor,  
Miss Cotton,  
Lady Mary  
Ashley-Cooper  
&  
Miss Barbara  
Grosvenor.  
(107)



Cutting the cake: Lady Ursula, & her husband, Mr. Filmer-Sankey.



Leaving the church: Lady Ursula Grosvenor & her dog.

## LADY URSULA GROSVENOR AND HER BRIDEGROOM: THE BRIDESMAIDS, DOG GUEST, AND THE HUGE CROWD.

The marriage of Lady Ursula Grosvenor, elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and of Constance Duchess of Westminster, to Mr. William Filmer Sankey, 1st Life Guards, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. The bridesmaids were Lady Mary Grosvenor, sister of the bride, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, and the Misses Barbara and Isolda

Grosvenor, her cousins; and the train-bearers Master Brian Cotton and his little sister. A huge crowd assembled outside the church in order to see the bride arrive. Dogs played an important part in the day, as Mr. George Graves brought his well-known Davy, and Lady Ursula's own dog, Bundle, the Airedale, sat between her and her husband when they drove away.

Photographs by G.P.U. and C.N.



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# Hostess to the King and Queen This Week.



A FAMILY STUDY: THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND WITH  
LORD RICHARD PERCY AND THE LADIES ELIZABETH AND  
DIANA PERCY.

The Duchess of Northumberland, youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, is, as usual, acting as hostess to their Majesties the King and Queen this week, during their stay with the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood House for the Goodwood meeting. The Duchess

of Northumberland married the eighth Duke in 1911, and has three sons—Earl Percy, Lord Hugh Percy, and Lord Richard Percy, who is the youngest of the trio, and was born in 1921. Her two little daughters, the Ladies Elizabeth and Diana Percy, were born in 1916 and 1917.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



# The Spa Season Opens: Snapshots from Aix.



*Captain Gage,  
Miss Walker,  
Miss Nicholls  
and Mr.  
Gerald  
Gage.*



*Capt. A. D. Campbell, Col. Knox Harris, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Harris.*



*H. H.  
The Aga  
Khan.*



*Mrs. Blakeway, Mr. & Mrs. Philip Rendell,  
& Mrs. Hunter Todd.*



*Mr. & Mrs. Marzetti and Mrs. Chard.*



*Mr. Douglas Neville Dawson, & Mr. & Mrs. Neville Dawson.*

## THE END-OF-JULY FLIGHT FROM TOWN: SOCIETY AT A FRENCH RESORT.

The London season having come to an end, Society begins its July flight. Some people are leaving for Scotland, others have embarked for Deauville or Dinard; and such Continental spas as Aix-les-Bains and Vichy also draw a big contingent of well-known people. Our snapshots

from Aix—where athletes may play lawn-tennis, and less energetic folk merely stroll about in the sun—show the Aga Khan, the well-known racehorse owner, and a number of people who all look as if they were enjoying the delights of life at Aix as a change from London.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFIERI.

## Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. IV.

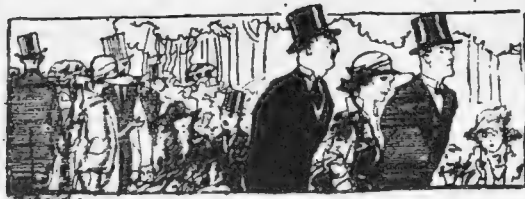


[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

**D**EAR Missis, please don't keep us here all day  
Perched on the wall; we want to run and play.  
This is a silly game; why must we keep  
So very still? Look, Peter's half asleep,  
And Spot is getting cross, and so is Patch,  
While something's tickling me—I want to scratch.  
That stranger chap who's standing over there—  
What does he want? I wish he wouldn't stare.  
Why does he snap his fingers? What's that? *Click!*  
. . . We can get down? Hooray! I'll race you, Nick!

JOE WALKER.





## The Clubman. By Beveren.

Goodwood, then Deauville, and Le Touquet also—which this year is much in favour—and after that the moors.

But this summer a good many people are leaving out the hectic and costly delights of Deauville, and going north before setting forth in the autumn for the Lido, that bathing paradise near Venice which seems to be the resort chosen by the fashionables who seek to escape the hordes of pleasure-seekers—some of them with more money than manners—who rush like moths to the candle to any place that is boomed as the latest and most expensive.

The Lido is not yet over-run, but I suppose that will follow in its turn. Then the pioneers will search for some new haven to make fashionable, possibly on the southern side of the Mediterranean.

It seems only a few years ago that the Lido was a spot frequented almost solely by the Italians and the French. It was just before the war when some of our English well-knowns began to patronise Venice in the autumn. The celebrated and beauteous Marchesa Casati was the acknowledged leader of the smart set. She was a wondrous creature, and her parties at her palace on the Grand Canal were something never to be forgotten. At one I remember the Casati stood in her garden, a leopard beside her, and a flaming brazier; and as bodyguard she had two gigantic negroes whose skins were coated with gold.

Once in the cool early hours of the morning an impromptu ball was begun on the Piazza of St. Mark. It was very much talked of at the time, and I fancy was not altogether popular with the Venetian City Fathers.

**Mr. Le Queux and Mahon.** William Le Queux seems to possess an uncanny attraction for murderers.

Crippen, about a year before his execution, approached the author under another name, and gave him certain information regarding the little-known secret poisons which he used in a book. Soon after its publication Le Queux suppressed it because it disclosed certain things that are best withheld from the general public.

Armstrong, the poisoner, was a club acquaintance of the author's; and now it is revealed that Mahon, among his possessions at the Crumbles bungalow, had a copy of Le Queux's history of Landru, from which he apparently studied the methods of the French Bluebeard and emulated them.

### Lord Graham's Yachting Accident.

The Marquess of Graham has just been in a yachting mishap. It is not the first in his career. Once on the Clyde he was tumbled into the water because his boat collided with a barge. He began sea life by going to sea as a common sailor, and encountered most of the difficulties to be met with at sea before he attained that tribute to sailing ability so much prized by amateur yachtsmen—a master's certificate. He wanted as a youngster to join the Navy, but

He saw service in the South African War, and will remember that because during the pursuit of De Wet he was in action twenty-nine times in thirty-one days.

I recall the celebrated Eye Division by-election of 1906, when Lord Graham fought the seat against Mr. Harold Pearson, Lord Cowdray's eldest son. It was known as the "petticoat election," because so much attention was concentrated upon Mr. Pearson's young wife, Lord Edward Churchill's daughter, and upon Lady Mary Hamilton, to whom Lord Graham had just become engaged. Lady Mary was said to be the richest heiress in the kingdom, and one of the election songs ran—

"Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was very blue,  
To everything that Mary said,  
The lamb replied, 'I'll do.'"

It was a strenuously contested but chivalrous and good-humoured fight. Mr. Pearson got in by a majority of about 190.

### A Goodwood House Party.

Talking of Mr. Harold Pearson reminds one that, as usual, one of the most enjoyable house parties during Goodwood Week is the one at Cowdray, where Mr. and Mrs. Pearson have several guests.

A feature at these house parties is the polo that is played most mornings before the racing, and very often in the evening again.

Mr. Harold Pearson is himself very good at the game—not far removed from first class; and the polo ground at Cowdray is one of the best in the country.



A MILLION-PESETA TOMB FOR A TOREADOR: THE MEMORIAL TO JOSELITO, BY THE SPANISH SCULPTOR, MARIONA BENLLIURE.

Our photograph of the elaborate tomb which the famous Spanish sculptor, Mariona Benlliure, has just completed for the late celebrated toreador, Joselito, is a proof of the position which the bull-fighter occupies in Spain. He is a national hero, and it is interesting to note that the memorial to Joselito, which will shortly be erected in the cemetery of Seville, cost one million pesetas—that is, slightly more than £30,000.

Photograph by T.P.A.

constitutional deafness prevented that. However, as quite a young man he served as an officer on Lord Brassey's yacht *Sunbeam*.

Lord Graham is in most things the practical man. He is quite first class as an engineer. He is a farmer, a great breeder of stock—that side of his activities was brought to notice when he sent a Highland steer to be wrestled with at the Rodeo; and perhaps it shows how little even men in this country with full knowledge of animals really knew of the capabilities of Mr. Tex Austin's cowboys for the Marquess to fancy that no cowboy could throw his steer in under a minute.

In the war the Marquess had the distinction of becoming the first R.N.V.R. Commodore.

**His Homework.** Old stagers grumble that, with the passing of the horse cabmen, racy remarks have become scarce indeed.

But the other day I was passing a building in the course of construction about knocking-off time, and heard a bit of talk which struck me as having something of the old-time Cockney flavour about it.

A workman was taking home with him some pieces of timber which he had wrapped up in newspaper.

Another workman hailed him with, "Ullo, Bill, takin' 'ome your 'ome work?"

**"THE MAGPIE": the Ideal Holiday Magazine. Magnificent Stories and Beautiful Illustrations. The Summer Number is Ready. One Shilling only.**

## Counted Out!

The question of coiffure is very difficult:



While some like this, - others cleave to this - and many swear by this.



The dainty shingle is attractive



While the 'bun' still has its allurements.



The Greeks knew a thing or two.



And what is nicer than a mop of locks like this?



But tho' the masculine type may suit a few -



Tho' ear flaps may be practical,



And much as we admire the Spanish type -

IT'S THE  
FACE  
THAT  
COUNTS!



D'Egville

"BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE HAIR": BUT —

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE



# POMPEIIAN BATHING CABINS — BEFORE A



SITUATED ON THE GRAND  
PLAGE AT DEAUVILLE: THE  
"ORDINARY" BATHING-  
CABINS OF THE LUXURIOUS  
NEW POMPEIIAN MARBLE  
STRUCTURE—AND THE GRASS  
LAWN BEFORE THEM.



SURROUNDED BY THE PATIO OFF  
OPEN: THE FOUNTAIN,



SEATED IN THE LUXURIOUS MARBLE  
CORRIDORS: BATHERS ENJOYING A CHAT  
IN THE COOL AND BEAUTIFUL CLASSIC  
BUILDING BEFORE THEIR SWIM.

Deauville, the most fashionable and luxurious of all bathing resorts, had a surprise in store for the first visitors this year, in the wonderful Pompeian bathing-cabins which have been erected actually on the Grand Plage. The building containing these aids to luxurious swimming is constructed of marble, and with its colonnades, its blue-and-gold mosaics, its grass lawns, gay pots of geraniums, and tinkling fountains, recalls the luxury of Græco-Roman

# FREE BATH: A DEAUVILLE INNOVATION.

AFTER THE DIP IN THE  
SEA: A BATHER  
RETURNING TO THE  
POMPEIIAN CABINS — WHICH  
RECALL GRÆCO-ROMAN BATHING  
ARRANGEMENTS.



WHICH THE CABINS *DE LUXE*  
IN ITS BASIN OF MOSAIC.

FACING ONE OF THE LAWNS: BATHERS  
SEATED IN THE FLOWER-DECKED PATIO  
ON WHICH THE CABINS *DE LUXE*  
OPEN.



bathing arrangements, and suggests that one has been transported back to Pompeii days. There are "ordinary" cabins, opening on to a simple court surrounding a grass lawn, and cabins *de luxe*, which are entered from a flower-decked patio, in the centre of which stands a fountain; but neither variety is recommended for economical people, though, as M. Conuché is said to have smilingly said, "At all events the bath is free!"





## THE OLD FLAME.



By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc

### VI.—BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"I ASKED you to call to-day," said Phyllis, "because Mary Banbury's coming."

"A very poor reason," I said. "I don't want to see Mary Banbury."

"She doesn't want to see you," said Phyllis. "You know what she's coming for?"

"Not precisely. But, in general, when Mary Banbury moves from one place to another, she has one of two purposes—either to collect information or to distribute it."

"Exactly. She's going to tell tales. And I thought," said Phyllis, "you might perhaps be able to take the wind out of her tales."

"That would be too cruel," I said, "for then there would be nothing left of them."

"You're very bright to-day, John," said Phyllis, twinkling. "I'm glad. Mother doesn't like her," she added, playing with those absurd little ribbons she wears in front.

"Your mother has taste."

"And Mary doesn't like me."

"She has none. But you wrong her. She is merely jealous."

"Jealous, Mr. Moon? Do you mean that she likes you? You never told me—"

"Certainly not. Though it is true she follows me about as if she did. 'Envious' perhaps is the right word."

"Why 'envious'?"

"Because we have adventures, and do odd things, and don't care what people say about them. Because we are desperately wicked—"

"Mr. Moon!"

"Or so she supposes. And it is the dream of her life to have adventures, and be desperately wicked; but she doesn't dare. Kensington is full of such people; so is Streatham. Streatham finds romance in the imaginary wickedness of film actors. Mary finds romance in the imaginary wickedness of her friends—especially me," I added. "I do her a world of good."

Phyllis twinkled again.

"I think I do my share," she said modestly.

"And yet, to do her justice, she also wants to do me good. In fact, if you asked her, she would tell you that her only purpose is

to make me good. A reformer. She has a mission."

"She has thick ankles," said Phyllis unkindly.

Just then dear old placid Mrs. Fair came in and raised her hands in mock consternation.

"What, you two alone?" she said, subsiding into a large chair. "What would the dear Banbury say? Oh dear, Mr. Moon, I've been hearing such dreadful things about you. On the telephone too," she added, beaming. "And I do hate scandal on the telephone."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm afraid I'm a fraud."

"Don't tell me that, Mr. Moon," said Mrs. Fair, sitting up. "You're the only young man I believe in, though you do tell such stories."

"I only meant," I said, "that I don't live down to my reputation."

"Please don't be clever, Mr. Moon. Not till I've had a cup of tea. Well, what's this about you and Phyllis being stuck for half-an-hour in a lift? Goodness, what a place to choose! You might have been killed!"

"I felt quite safe, mother," said Phyllis. "One is always safer with a married man."

"Very true, my dear. But if you want to talk quietly to a married man, why don't you take him to a night club, or somewhere sensible? A lift, indeed!"

"We'd just been to a night club," I put in. "The lift was more exciting."

"Then there was something about the Whispering Gallery," said Mrs. Fair. "Oh, Lord, here she is!"

Mary Banbury was announced and entered, followed rapidly by tea.

Mrs. Banbury did not sing a hymn of praise at the sight of me.

Mrs. Banbury—who, to be fair, is quite good-looking, and dresses assiduously—cocked her little head on one side, and said, "I didn't expect to see you here, Mr. Moon."

"I expect to see you," I said, bowing gracefully, "wherever I go. To-day, however, I came here with a different purpose."

"I don't doubt you did," said Mrs. Banbury grimly, turning to Phyllis. But Phyllis only chuckled at her. I wish she would take

Mrs. Banbury seriously. It is so much more amusing.

Mrs. Banbury sat down, took a cup of tea, and destroyed three people's reputations in five words. Then, "Dear Mrs. Fair," she said, handing up her cup, "I want to have a quiet talk with you afterwards."

"Oh, dear," said the old lady, puffing; "I know what that means. Can't you tell Phyllis, Mary? She arranges all my gossip for me."

"No," said Mrs. Banbury. "This is worse than gossip."

"There is only one thing worse than gossip," said Phyllis, with innocent, wide-open eyes; "and that is the truth. You're not going to begin that, Mary?"

"Goodness, child, what dreadful things you say!" said her mother, beaming with pleasure.

"Gossip," said Mrs. Banbury, her eyes bright for battle, "concerns the past. I am concerned with the future, which may"—and her voice fell hollow, and her eye fell on me—"which may be worse."

"If it's Mr. Moon you mean," said Mrs. Fair comfortably, "I'm sure nothing could be worse than his past, judging from what you've told me about it, Mary—at various times."

Mrs. Banbury hurriedly set down her cup, and came as near choking as it is possible for a lady to do at afternoon tea.

To cover her confusion, I rose, placed my back to the fender, and cleared my throat, as one about to make an important pronouncement.

"Mrs. Fair," I said, "I shall shortly leave you to your quiet talk with Mrs. Banbury. But, before I go, I have something to say to you, which I think Mrs. Banbury has a right to hear; and, knowing her to be the soul of discretion—"

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Fair, fanning herself. "What's come over the man?"

"It is a confession," I went on, weakly avoiding her gaze. "I have recently, on two occasions, been guilty of indiscreet conduct towards your daughter. First, when viewing the Whispering Gallery with a party, which included Miss Fair and another lady, I whispered into the wall the words 'I love

(Continued on page 225.)

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## "The Rat's" Lady.



TO BE SEEN AS ZELIE DE CHAUMMET AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE : MISS ISABEL JEANS.

Miss Isabel Jeans, the young actress who has done such excellent work in several of the recent productions of the Phoenix Society, is now to be seen in "The Rat," at the Prince of Wales's, where she proves that she can be as alluring and sprightly in modern

melodrama as in old comedy. Zelig de Chaummet is a dazzling charmer whom "The Rat"—the Apache "hero" of the play—takes to be a lady of the great world, but who proves to be an inhabitant of the *demi-monde*.

Coloured Photograph by Ernest E. Mills.





"WOMEN CARRYING DURIAN"—AN EAST INDIAN TREE-FRUIT: A BEAUTIFUL P

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH POSTER BY





PICTURE BY THE FAMOUS LITHOGRAPHER, CAPTAIN G. SPENCER-PRYSE, M.C.

CAPTAIN SPENCER-PRYSE, M.C.



## Growing Pains.



THE UNSHINGLING PROCESS: ALMOST READY FOR HAIRPINS AGAIN!

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

## First Revelation.



BEST FRIEND—OR WORST ENEMY? NARCISSA'S INTRODUCTION TO THE MIRROR.

FROM THE DRAWING BY WILLIAM ABLETT.



# Popular in Nigger, Cockney, Italian, and American.



## AT HOME AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS ELSIE JANIS.

The entertainment which Miss Elsie Janis is now providing at the Queen's is presented under the title of "Miss Elsie Janis at Home." The well-known American artist is seen at her best in a number of contrasting turns, and it is hard to say whether she is more attractive in such a song

as "Nothing," supposed to be sung by an old Negro; in "Fiori d'Amore," given in the character of an Italian flower-girl; or in her character-study of an English Cockney girl. Her pathos, humour, and roguish charm are as entrancing as ever.

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENRI VISCONTE.



Continued.]

you, and, though they were both some fifty yards away, there is no doubt that the words must be taken to have been addressed—and were so taken—to one or other of the ladies. I cannot defend this action," I said, glancing at Mrs. Banbury, and from her to Phyllis.

"Second," I went on, after a slight pause to cover my emotion, "when in a lift with your daughter, in order to enjoy a private and uninterrupted conversation with her, I deliberately pressed the Stop button halfway between two floors, and for a period variously estimated at between ten minutes and three-quarters of an hour pretended falsely that the lift had broken down.

"This action also was indefensible," I continued, half choking. "Further, as Mrs. Banbury has said, the future may be worse; and, rather than run the risk of doing worse, I am now resolved to say good-bye to your daughter for ever. For ever," I repeated brokenly.

Phyllis, much overcome, had buried her face in the end of the sofa. Mrs. Banbury was extremely red; but she looked expectantly at Mrs. Fair.

That lady opened her mouth and uttered a musical and prolonged peal of laughter.

"Goodness, Mr. Moon!" said she, wiping her eyes. "What nonsense you talk! I thought you were serious for once."

"Good-bye, Phyllis," I said, holding out my hand. "For the last time."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Fair. "You'll do nothing of the sort. Who's going to take my daughter out, I'd like to know, if the married men desert her?"

"Really, Mrs. Fair," said Mrs. Banbury, "I must say—"

"Well, you can't trust the single ones," said Mrs. Fair. "That I do know. They keep her up all hours, they tell her horrible stories, they give her horrible drinks—and as like as not they're after her money, or are hard up for a dancing partner. But if a married man bothers to take her out, I do know she'll be treated with proper respect, and properly looked after. And not worried to death with proposals," she added.

"You're very trustful," began Mrs. Banbury, a little nastily.

"If I can't trust Phyllis to take care of herself, she's no daughter of mine."

"She is very much a daughter of yours," I put in gently.

"All the same," said the old lady, "you're not to make her look ridiculous, Mr. Moon. And I don't think you ought to make love to any girl in the Whispering Gallery. It's not decent. Take her to a night club, as I said before. And now, dear children, I am going to sleep."

And with these words the old lady closed her eyes and instantly began to snore.

I looked at Mrs. Banbury; and Mrs. Banbury looked at me. Mrs. Banbury opened her mouth, and shut it again, without saying a word. I have never seen this happen before—or since.

"Good-bye," I said, "won't you join us at 'Boom's' one night? We have a party there most Fridays."

"Jack doesn't dance," she said, with a strange meekness, eyeing me uncertainly.

"Young Gordon Smith dances very well," I said casually.

Mrs. Banbury said nothing; but a kind of warm gleam came into her pale blue eyes, and for the first time she smiled a sort of soft, human smile. And for the first time I felt a little wicked.

A few evenings later, acting on Mrs. Fair's advice, I was talking to Phyllis in the sitting-out room at "Boom's." Decorations—fantastic; cypresses and deserts. Divans—spacious. Cushions—huge and gay. Lights—shaded and low.

"I have noticed," I was saying, "that

in haunts of pleasure of this kind it is considered necessary to talk in the manner of the decorations—staccato, smart, unnatural, highly coloured, and rather fatiguing. I'm afraid I can't do it, Phyllis."

"Please don't try," said Phyllis. "I much prefer an ordinary dull man. Listen."

Close behind sat a couple with their backs to us, talking brightly in the manner described.

"What about another?" said the man.

"Had another. Had enough," was the answer.

"Can't have enough of a good thing."

"You know too much," said the woman, with a hard, gay laugh.

"Then shall we circulate?" said the man (meaning "dance").

"I think I'm tired."

"Tired! What you doing last night, then?"

"Ah," said the woman wickedly. "Give you three guesses!"

"One's enough," said the man, and whispered something.

"Wrong!" cried the other skittishly, jumping up. "Shall us then?"

"Yes! Let's!" And they departed into the dancing-room.

"I wish I could talk like that," I said.

"I know exactly what she was doing last night," said Phyllis slowly. "She was knitting socks in Eveleigh Gardens."

"How do you know?"

"Because I was there. We dined with the Banburys."

"Mary Banbury! Good heavens! So it was," I cried. "I knew I knew the voice. Good heavens!" I said again, shocked, I must confess.

"You were right," said Phyllis. "She's having an adventure."

"Who with?"

"I couldn't see. He didn't sound much."

"He sounded a little too much, I thought."

"That's the worst of Mary. If she does do the right thing, she's bound to do it in the wrong way with the wrong people."

"That's the worst of Puritans. When they come off the pedestal they fall with such a bump. Let us go and inspect the adventurers."

The lights had failed at one end of the dancing-room, which is long and narrow, and that end was in semi-darkness. As a result, the usual dismal sobriety of the room was being relaxed, we found. For, as we entered the Dark End, I observed with astonishment that two at least of the couples passionately kissed each other. We danced on into the light, unscathed.

"It is odd," I remarked, "that in spite of my extreme regard for you, Miss Fair, and in spite of the views which I expressed in a lift not long ago, I feel no temptation to salute you in that manner and in that place."

"It is odd," said Phyllis. "You're a very inconsistent person, Mr. Moon. There's Gordon!"

"And there's Mrs. B. Just ahead."

"Oo, where?" cried Phyllis. "Oh, yes! Isn't he handsome?" she breathed in my ear, very agreeably.

"Rather dashing," I admitted.

"A nice moustache."

"Too military."

"Who can he be?" said Phyllis. "They seem to know each other very well."

"They do," I said, with my eye on the dancers.

We passed on into the Dark End, just behind the adventurers.

"I wish you wouldn't push me backwards the whole time," said Phyllis. "I can't see."

"It is odd," I began, "that you and I should be watching Mrs. B. misbehave—Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I think," I said, "we had better go and sit out."

We did.

"What was it?" said Phyllis again.

"Wild horses—" I began.

"It's all right," she said gravely. "I'm afraid I've guessed. Oh, dear."

Just then the music stopped, and Mrs. Banbury swam towards us, followed by the dashing stranger and, a little sulky, Mr. Gordon Smith.

"Ah," she cried, gay and unabashed, "I was wondering if I should see you! You weren't here on Monday, were you?"

"I never dance on a Monday," I said seriously. "And if I did I should keep it very dark. It is the beginning of the end."

They sat down, and we were introduced. At least, Mrs. B. said to each of us, "Do you know Mr. —?"—but it was clear enough that she did not know his name.

"Who is he?" I whispered presently, under cover of the young man's machine-gun conversation.

"Oh, I've met him here once or twice," she said vaguely, with a little toss of the head.

"Once or twice?" I echoed, raising my eyebrows.

Mrs. B. looked at me defiantly.

"Well, once," she said. "It was your fault."

"I feel very guilty," I said.

"So you ought," said she, looking across at Phyllis.

"Not at all," I said. "I was thinking of you. Phyllis and I," I added, "are grown-ups."

Mrs. Banbury flushed, and looked away.

Meanwhile, the dashing stranger had produced what is known as a "wad" of notes and was ordering costly refreshment, firing off a string of witticisms at the waiter as he did so.

It was now one o'clock. Two bottles of champagne and five plates of eggs-and-bacon were set before us. The young man paid for all.

Mr. Smith became eloquent on the subject of police raids.

"I hear a Scotland Yard man tried to get in to-night," he remarked indignantly. "Gave a member's name, they say, the tyke!"

"They saw his boots, I guess," said the stranger wittily, and Mrs. Banbury laughed admiringly.

"It's a dirty trick," said Mr. Smith. "Why can't they leave us alone?"

"Right, boy. One law for the rich and another for the poor—that's what it is. And, after all, there's nothing wrong with this place, only that it breaks the law—eh?"

We all laughed heartily, and drank more champagne.

"Well, I hope they won't come to-night," laughed Mrs. Banbury.

"Don't you worry," the stranger said. "I know a bully little fire-escape if they do."

"Phyllis," I whispered, "I have conceived a sudden distaste for this haunt of pleasure. Let us go."

"Are you seeing yourself as others see you?" said Phyllis.

"No," I said; "I am seeing Mary as Mary sees us. Go and get your things, will you—and wait outside?"

"We're going, Mary," I said, as Phyllis slipped away. "Won't you come too?"

"Oh, not yet, Mr. Moon!" Mrs. Banbury protested.

"Sure? There might be a raid, you know."

"Oh, nonsense! I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

"You can't go yet, you know," said the stranger with authority, looking at his watch. "The night is young, my boy."

[Continued on page x.





## Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



### I.

#### "A SURPLUS MAN," BY SYLVIA EARL.

MISS Sylvia Earl's firstling has been produced in token of charity, and both reasons would lead to indulgence. But there is so much cleverness in the play that, judged by the ordinary standard, it would hold its own when compared with others that have gone into the regular bill of the theatres.

It began as a farce; it digressed into a problem play; it developed as a comedy-drama; it ended on such happiness as is beyond belief outside the play-house. The farce, brisk and bright, was the opening of a will whereby greedy relations were passed by, and all the money went to the surplus man—a namby-pamby youth who believed that no woman would fall in love with him. After that there was much palaver as to the meaning of a Surplus Man—problem stuff of a sterile kind. In the second act, comedy began. At a manicurist's he met a lovely Russian married to a Levantine cook, and fell in love with her. As they wanted his money, they led him to believe that she was single, and without further ado he married her. Immediately after the wedding she left him, to join her so-called husband. Comedy ceased, drama began. The poor young bridegroom was in terrible stress, crestfallen. Then she came back to make a clean breast of her deceit; the crook confirmed that he had another wife, forgotten somewhere in Russia, but who turned up at the right moment, and—the Surplus Man let bygones be bygones and believed the lady's declaration that she truly loved him. This end defies introspection, except in a satirical vein, which the authoress did not intend. A man may be stupid; but to accept a wife who on her very wedding day had gone back to the other "husband"—well, there is no word for it. Besides, there are periods when the play drags, there are repetitions of situations, it wobbles—and yet, when all is said, it retains three merits of promise. Two of the characters—the Russian and the Levantine—are deftly drawn. We have met such adventurers. There is originality in the story, if not in its handling. The authoress has the sense of the theatre—she can create situations. So, after this first step, she should do well under the guidance of the practised hand that would equalise her distribution and prune her exuberance.

Miss Sylvia Earl had an excellent cast for her first venture. Mr. Ernest Thesiger was the namby-pamby young man to the life, and he developed a nice show of emotion when events began to awaken this very archaic meanderer. Miss Stella

Arbenina was elegant, eloquent, fascinating, as the Russian Princess (that was); her personality is commanding, her voice travels easily from Society accents to notes of feeling. Mr. Ernest Milton made a real study of the crook, resplendent in the veneer of a man of the world, insinuatingly humorous by moments, withal a splendid specimen of: "*Grattez le Russe, et vous trouverez le Tartare.*" Miss Irene Rooke was admirable in the somewhat passive part of a widow who flits through the play as a kind of Egeria ready to love the Surplus Man, but overlooked by him. I should

divorce, the duties of parents, the inequity of the marriage laws, are expounded again as they are in "Man and Superman" and "Misalliance." "Getting Married" he defines as a disquisitory play, a round-table talk, if you will; and, as his talk is always interesting, it follows that his play keeps us listening. Here are all the old Shavian defiances, verbal cartidges and immoral moralities. Here is a fund of his genial nonsense and swift wit. The bland Bishop sees virtue in polygamy, and the bold, bad Hotchkiss defends Mohammedanism. We all enjoyed the badinage, laughed at his infectious gaiety of spirits,

gasped at his intellectual surprises and agreed with every word of his disquisition. This is "good stuff," and, unlike most revivals, it has lost none of its brilliance. The wine of his verbosity bubbles as fresh and lively as when it was first uncorked. Besides, the acting is something to remember. I always know that I shall get good stuff at the Everyman, but I never saw Shaw played better. Miss Edith Evans, though she only appears in the last act, is wonderful. What a fine comedy actress she is! The character of Mrs. George Collins has always been something of a riddle—so other-worldly yet so vigorous, so meek yet so overmastering; still, Miss Evans succeeded in giving unity to the conception and credulity to the figure. She filled the stage and swept us on the tides of her consummate art from the flats of impudent prose to the peaks of sudden poetry, and back again to merry facetiousness. It was a fine performance. The volatile, anarchistic Hotchkiss was taken by Mr. Claude Rains, and he played it for all he was worth. It was strenuous work on a hot July evening, but he enjoyed himself, and so did we. The Bishop of Chelsea was beautifully and sympathetically created by Mr. Campbell Gullan; and no word of praise can be too much for the study of the chaplain, Father Antony, by Mr. W. Earle Grey. It could hardly be better done. The stupid General Bridgenorth, whose duty is not to reason why, was in the safe hands of Mr. Frederick Moyes; while Mr. Claud Alister, who as Reginald receives all the stray Shavian shots, was equally happy. Miss Auriol Lee as the frigid Lesbia,



AS MME. DE CHARRIÈRE IN "IN THE NEXT ROOM":  
MISS STELLA ARBENINA.

The thrilling mystery plot of "In the Next Room," the latest production at the St. Martin's, centres round a Buhl Cabinet. Murders, theft, and a packet of lost love-letters all figure in the story, and Miss Stella Arbenina is shown in our photograph full of relief at having recovered the incriminating letters from her lover.

Photograph by L. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

not wonder if "A Surplus Man," after a little remodelling, were heard of again. J. T. G.

### II.

#### "GETTING MARRIED," AT THE EVERYMAN, HAMPSTEAD.

THE problem of marriage has always interested Mr. Shaw. It is the first reform which his Superman must undertake, and in this improvisation on his favourite theme, his characteristic views on

Miss Irene Rooke as the gentle Mrs. Bridgenorth, and Miss Beatrix Thompson as the flippant, foolish Leo were all good. Edith (Miss Margot Sieveking) and Cecil (Mr. Harold Scott) face the dismal truth, thanks to a Bax pamphlet, that marriage may mean not for better but for worse; and oil is poured over tormented waters by the aldermanic greengrocer, Collins, who is made by Mr. Aubrey Mather one of the best joys of the evening. Go to Hampstead. Such good stuff should not be missed. J. T. G.

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The "brambled" and "dimpled" face of the "P.D." bottle is the one to know if you want fine whisky.



## *A face you will recognise at Wembley*

WANDERING and wondering amid the multitude of strange sights and strange people at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, you will come upon the familiar face of the "brambled and dimpled" Peter Dawson bottle with a sense of relief. Of most refreshing relief.

As befits the whisky that is to be

found in all parts of the Empire, Peter Dawson is also obtainable throughout the Empire Exhibition. At all bars and restaurants.

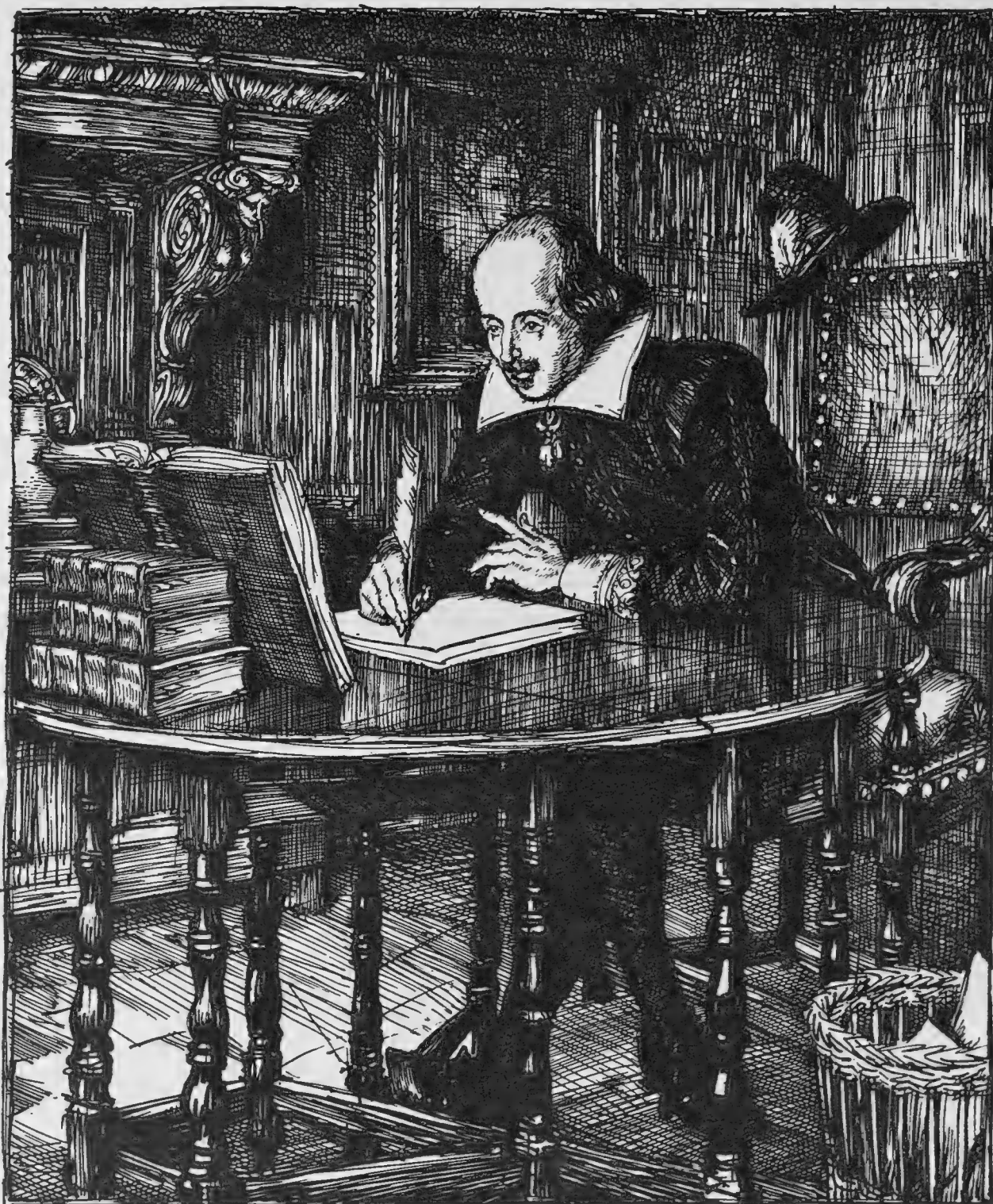
When you visit Wembley, complete the auspiciousness of the occasion by drinking to the Empire in genuinely old, time-matured, wood-matured Peter Dawson.

# PETER DAWSON

## *Scotch Whisky*

PETER DAWSON LIMITED, Distillers. Head Offices: 82, Gt. Clyde Street, Glasgow; London Office: 29-30, Tower Hill, E.C. Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "P.D." send your cheque for £7 10s. od. to Peter Dawson Ltd., who will forward you a case of 12 bottles through their nearest agent.





EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. 1924-

*(William Shakespeare)*

# DEWAR'S

## THE SPIRIT OF INSPIRATION

Inspiration is the source of all things worth while; the charm of literature, the glory of art, the appeal of music and the wonder of science. Inspiration finds expression in many ways but never more happily than in the inspired blending of . . . .

# DEWAR'S

# The First "Movie" Garden Party.



*Miss Peggy Ryland.*



*The Gertrude Hoffman Girls  
dancing in the open air.*



*Miss Chrissie White  
has a soft drink.*



*Miss Betty Baltour  
and Felix.*

## THE SILENT STAGE FESTIVITIES: AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS.

The first Cinematograph Garden Party, held at the Royal Botanical Gardens, the original home of the Theatrical Garden Party, was a big success. Scores of well-known screen stars gathered at the festivity, and the side-

shows and entertainments were really amusing. Our snapshots show some of the many famous folk who were present, and include the Hoffman Girls' dancing performance in the open-air arena.

*Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co. and P.P.P.*



# The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE Frinton - on - Sea lawn-tennis tournament generally comes on about the middle of the season. It is a most excellent arrangement this. Just as we have become a wee bit jaded by the stress of tournament routine—perhaps a little depressed, too, by the failure of our own people to put up a good show in the Championships at Wimbledon—Frinton comes along with its annual tonic effect, and refreshes all those who have had the sense to follow the advice of "Doctor" Bangs, and have a week by the sea at this popular East Coast resort.

What is it, I wonder, that the Frinton lawn-tennis tournament committee put into their recipe that makes this meeting so delightfully different from so many others?

They have ozone to draw on, I know; but so have other tournaments. One thing that stands out predominantly as the characteristic of Frinton's lawn-tennis meeting is that all the competitors appear to be enjoying themselves. It is like a large garden party; and the game is played as a game, in the way its inventor, Major Wingfield, intended it to be played.

Those who had been taking their lawn-tennis a little too seriously at once derive benefit from the *joie de vivre* that pervades the Frinton tournament. Players that were beginning to find their cheeks sagging and creases forming round the eyes and mouth (omens, alas! of the early approach of the "tennis face") notice a healthy improvement after the first day.

You will always find qualities at Frinton which are unique. And this year was no exception.

Percy Bangs, the secretary (familiarily known as "Popsy"), will be seen scouring the country for entries, weeks before the date of the tournament. I don't know whether he personally visited India for this purpose, but the fact remains that among the entries on the Frinton programme was a real live

bishop—the Bishop of Tinnevelley. I would have bet any money that if the Bishop of Tinnevelley was going to play in a lawn-tennis tournament, "Popsy" Bangs would have secured him for Frinton.

Then, again, the provincial rights in connection with the wearing of the Helen Wills eye-shade seemed to have been acquired by the Frinton management for one week only. Nearly every court appeared to me, on my first visit to the club ground, to be occupied by Miss Helen Wills. One cannot dissociate the fair young Californian girl from this characteristic and useful sun-screen. But the shops at Frinton were all showing a big stock of what they called the "Helen Wills tennis peak."

The difficulties presented at other tournaments by the lack of umpires and the absence of linesmen are easily surmounted here by the persuasive tones of the indefatigable secretary—magnified on the megaphone. It is not easy to avoid the job of watching a line (instead of the match) when

occasion to call up his reserves and employ every unit of his strength, as he did in the memorable match against Hunter at Wimbledon. The final of the Singles was robbed of a good deal of its interest by the fact that Gordon Lowe was known to be indisposed beforehand. It was obvious as the match proceeded that he was quite unable to do himself justice; and he succumbed to the superior up-at-the-net methods of Brookes far more easily than he would have done had he been fit. The score was 6-2, 6-4.

In the Ladies' Open Singles, Miss Rose once more this season showed form to which even Mrs. Craddock could find no adequate reply.

Mrs. Craddock's bound fore-arm was evidence of "tennis elbow"—and therefore, as in the other Open Singles, the match might have been a much closer affair. As it was it resulted in a score for Miss Rose exactly similar to that of Norman Brookes.

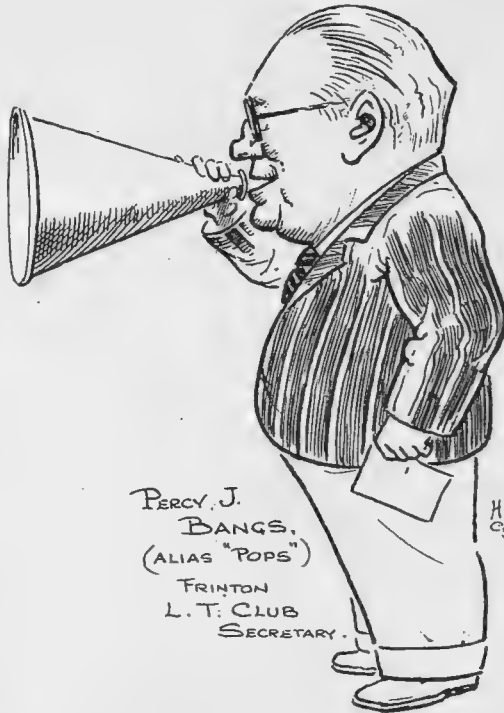
In the semi-final, spectators were robbed of what promised to be a good match by a slight injury to the ankle of Miss "Anne Onimus," who should have met Miss Rose. By-the-bye, "Anne Onimus" must not be confused with that other well-known player, "Sue Donimus." When "Anne" met Miss Rose early in the season, she defeated her. The latter, in her match v. Mrs. Craddock, was largely assisted by the effect of heavy showers of rain on the court, which helped to make the "cut" on her shots extremely difficult to cope with.

Greig and Miss Harvey—who is the crack player of the Frinton Club—won the Mixed Doubles, meeting in the final Commander McGrath and Mrs. Lambert Chambers. The Commander makes good use of his reach, especially overhead. Though there were many streaks of brilliancy in his game, these were not quite frequent enough to enable his famous partner to get him first past the post, and an interesting match went to the winners with the score of 3-6, 6-3, 6-4. In the middle of the week there was a most enjoyable fancy-dress dance, held at the Grand Hotel. In spite of the revels being kept up well into the early hours, there was no instance of Burrow having to scratch late-comers, or any evidence of the dissipation affecting the standard of play.

The Frinton tournament had a record entry this year. Its popularity increases every season; and already there is talk of the necessity of making it a fortnight instead of a week.



THE BISHOP OF  
TINNEVELLEY  
playing at FRINTON



PERCY J.  
BANGS.  
(ALIAS "POPSY")  
FRINTON  
L.T. CLUB  
SECRETARY.



COMMANDER  
McGRATH



CAPT.  
C.F.  
BLAND.  
D.S.O.  
VICE-CAPTAIN,  
FRINTON L.T.C.



S. RODZIANKO,  
A RUSSIAN COMPETITOR  
AT FRINTON.

# OLD TIME CUSTOMS



## St. Bartholomew's Fair.

Bartholomew Fair was held annually in West Smithfield, London, from 1133 till 1855, on St. Bartholomew's Day (Aug. 24th, old style). It was at one time the chief cloth fair in the country. A great feature of the Fair was the large number of exhibitions, shows, performers of all descriptions, quack doctors, etc., which combined to make it widely popular.

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custom to

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the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

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# Notes on choosing a Wine



## Burgundy

It should be remembered that names such as Beaune, Mâcon or Pommard merely tell you the districts whence come certain Burgundies of varying qualities. They do not tell you who selected the wine, who shipped it, who bottled it, or who stands surety for its quality. It is wise therefore, to buy a brand of repute.

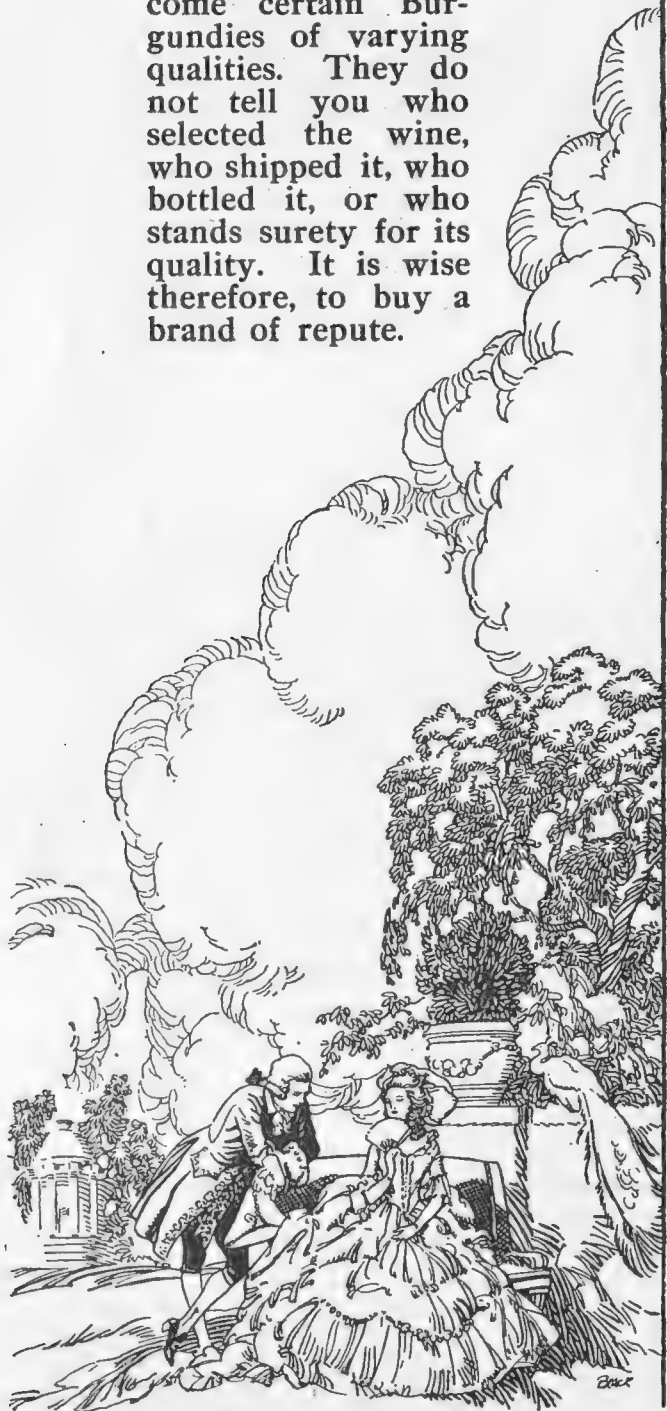
Choose Burgundy bearing the "Big Tree" mark and you know that Grierson's selected it from fine French growths, shipped it and bottled it, and hold themselves personally responsible to you for its purity, excellence and value.

Order "Big Tree" Burgundy in Hotel or Restaurant, or from your Wine Merchant. Wherever and whenever you buy it, you will find it of uniform fine quality. And, because of Grierson's great business and resources, its price is strictly moderate.



You are invited to judge "Big Tree" Burgundy without obligation. Write "Burgundy" on your visiting card, and post to the address below. A half-bottle will be sent you with Grierson's compliments.

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## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

**Sad Tales.** "In winter, when the dismal rain comes down in slanting lines, and Wind, that grand old harper, smites his thunder-harp of pines"—that, it seems to me, is the time for tales of murder and such horrid deeds. But Miss Tennyson Jesse and her publishers would not agree. Into the very heart of this lovely July—surely the fullest, and greenest, and sunniest July ever known!—they have thrust a volume called "Murder and Its Motives," and the reviewer must leave the golf-course and the cricket-field and the path along the cliff to steep his pen in blood!

For all that, I have done these lugubrious ones in the eye. To-day—the first day for many days—it is raining. The rain is coming down in slanting lines, yet it is not dismal rain, but merely the "nice shower" for which all the world that lives in the country has been sighing. Whilst the dry earth takes her due refreshment, therefore, I will introduce you to the book which this clever young lady has chosen to compile.

"It has been observed, with some truth," she declares, "that everyone loves a good murder. The class of persons to whom the very word does not give a certain not unpleasing thrill is so small that it may be ruled out for the purposes of this discussion."

A hard saying for those of us who never thrill at the word murder, who often allow a perfectly good murder trial to go unread, and who do not force ourselves into small and stifling courts where some wretched creature is fighting for his life. It is not flattering to be told that one is in a small class. There is something disconcerting about it, not to say lonely. But I am not going to distress myself overmuch about Miss Jesse's dictum. After all, she may be wrong! The class that is not thrilled by the word murder may be larger than she supposes. At any rate, I alone know many members of that class.

**Types of Murder.** Our author divides murder into six types—namely, murder for gain, murder for revenge, murder to eliminate, murder for jealousy, murder from love of killing, and murder of conviction. These headings are broad enough, but, having read her book all through with my usual care, I cannot discover any precise case of what is sometimes called justifiable homicide. In law, no homicide is justifiable except in self-defence or hanging by the public executioner. Yet there are many people who do not bring themselves within the law, but would be better out of the world. Occasionally some case such as this becomes so urgent that a private citizen takes it upon himself to benefit humanity by putting the undesirable creature out of existence. That sort of pious murder hardly comes under

the heading of murder to eliminate, nor could it quite be called a murder of conviction. There is passion in it, but no desire to kill. You might style it illegal execution—such as lynching—but I think I prefer my own phrase of pious murder. It is the sort of murder that gains most sympathy from decent people; but, for all that, it is my duty to urge you to place a restraint on your piety. Give the undesirable one enough rope, and, some day or other, he will hang himself and save you all the trouble and bother.

**Smith.** Even those who do not spend much time reading murder trials could not help hearing of that

had trusted herself to a big bath. "Ah, well," Mr. Smith would have sighed, "this is too good a chance to miss!" And poor Pegler would have disappeared beneath the soapy water, leaving not a trace—or a tress—behind.

**Worse Than Murder.** I am entirely with Miss Jesse when she argues that there may be crimes worse than murder. There are cases of deliberate cruelty so devilish that death would be a happy release for the unfortunate victim.

"Death," writes our author, "being the thing that all living creatures instinctively fear, it is from the danger of premature death that we strive to protect ourselves most vigorously, which is why murder is considered the chief of crimes; and so, in a rough classification, it is, though there have been many murders that were less of an outrage than some lines of conduct persisted in by apparently worthy members of the community in their ordinary daily intercourse. A pious church-going man or woman can manage to inflict as much moral suffering in their immediate surroundings on helpless, fearful children, or paid companions, as many a murderer can inflict in the comparatively short space of time occupied by his crime."

"There may come a day when the deliberate destruction of beauty or the spoiling of childhood will be classed as a crime under the Criminal Code; but in the code as it stands at present murder heads the list of offences, and murder differs so in degree that a careful scrutiny of motive as well as of circumstance should be held in every case."

**William Palmer.** William Palmer has the distinction of being the first murderer to be analysed by Miss Jesse. Palmer murdered for gain. He was a very extravagant fellow, and had no better luck in finding winners than the rest of us. But Palmer betted in huge sums, and a great deal of money was necessary to keep him happy and amused. When, therefore, the supply ran short, some friend or relative of Palmer's—having been previously insured for a good round sum, such as £13,000—would lamentably disappear. His wife, of course, went very quickly. Obvious, perhaps, but she was so nice and handy.

Especially when her doctor prescribed calomel pills. Palmer must have chuckled inwardly at the simplicity of the doctor, for he himself, Palmer, could make splendid pills—and did.

He got £13,000 for that; but one lot of £13,000 was of no use to Palmer. Look at his debts! Look at the expense of running up to London—he was a Rugeley gentleman—and visiting the gaming-houses. Somebody else had to go, and Palmer fixed on brother Walter. Walter, in his turn, was insured for £13,000. Palmer, to do him justice, thought his brother was worth more than

[Continued overleaf.]



HEARD AT THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND'S AND OTHER MUSICAL PARTIES: MME. TARASOVA.

Mme. Tarasova is the young Russian singer who has had such a big success in London this season. She has sung at musical parties given by the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Ludlow, and Mrs. Harry Brown, and has delighted everyone who has heard her with the beauty of her voice and the artistry of her singing.—[Photograph by Havrah.]

gentleman who used to drown ladies in their baths. Miss Jesse reminds us that his name was Smith, and she tells a story of Smith which is not without humour. It seems that Smith had a genuine affection for a certain Miss Pegler, and he told Miss Pegler never to take a big bath. Big baths, he said, were "dangerous for women." So they were when he was about. So dangerous were they when Mr. Smith was in the house, and the bather had rashly left the door of the bathroom unlocked, that he would probably have drowned even the adored Miss Pegler if she



*Continued.*

that, and tried to get £82,000; but the insurance offices said no. They may not actually have asked, "What about your wife?" but they were thinking. So Walter only contributed £13,000 to the family exchequer. He did not last long after being insured. Palmer celebrated his brother's death by putting £50 on a horse. I should imagine that the horse lost, but that would not matter much to Palmer. After all, there were still the insurance offices—and lots and lots of friends and relatives.

Neill Cream. But we must not spend too much time with Palmer. There are other heroes and heroines waiting our attention.

Neill Cream was a nice sort of fellow. It was his whim to poison young women for pleasure of hearing and reading about their deaths. He, too, worked with pills. Miss Jesse rather scoffs at the *Times* for expressing what she calls "smug satisfaction" when Cream was condemned to death. All that the *Times* had to say on the matter was this—

"Nobody who has read the evidence can doubt the justice of his doom; all right-minded persons, as we believe, must experience a feeling of satisfaction that a villain so inhuman is soon to meet his deserts. That feeling is, in our opinion, legitimate and praiseworthy."

And in mine also. But not, it would seem, in the opinion of our author, who nevertheless writes, on a page almost immediately follow-

"He had actually been found guilty of the murder by strychnine of the elderly husband of a mistress of his, and had been sentenced to imprisonment for life—in spite of the fact that he had tried to throw all the blame upon the woman; unfortunately, this sentence was commuted to seventeen years, and then was further shortened by an allowance for good conduct. So, amazing as it may seem, this human tiger—who, besides having been found guilty of murder, was known to be a professional abortionist and a writer of scurrilous and obscene letters—was let loose upon the world once more, and at least four women in England paid with their lives for this mistaken clemency."

Then why find fault with the satisfaction of the *Times*? Even if Cream was insane according to our modern standard, Miss Jesse must be well aware that people who escape execution on the plea of insanity are often released when the brain returns—or appears to have returned—to the normal. I think we were well rid of Mr. Cream.

Orsini. This interesting and well-written book, concludes with a study of Orsini, who tried to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon III., and succeeded

in killing eight people and wounding a hundred and fifty. The deaths eventually amounted to fourteen. Miss Jesse tells us that Orsini, so far as she is aware, never expressed any sorrow for all the deaths he had caused, and yet there was "something about the man that inspires respect."

"He did not use, as so many other so-called anarchists have done, his political opinions as a mask for a life of private and advantageous crime; he was as hard and ruthless to himself as he had been to others; and though he was a particularly callous murderer, in that he thought nothing of condemning to death many innocent people along with the one man whom he tried to kill and failed, yet there is no doubt that in his passionate and fanatical mind he was justified to himself."

You might apply the same argument to the ex-Kaiser. I have no doubt he was justified to himself in sinking the *Lusitania*, but that does not inspire me with any

He was justified to himself, but I withhold my respect.

"Hammer Marks."

"O God," he said, "if, when I have died, I am to come back and live another life on this earth, let me not again be made an artist. Or, if I must be—if what I leave off with, I have to start again with—let me be born anywhere but in this city. O God, remember this moment when you make me again."

Yes, but what city was it? Well, the author calls it "Birmingham," and it is situated in the Midlands, and the central street he calls "Newn Street." I should hate to think he meant Birmingham, but I very much fear that he does. We have a Manchester school, of course, but all Manchester's sons are loyal. That is a school of adoration. I wonder if Mr. Arthur Hougham hopes to found a Birmingham school of hate?

With that part of his prayer in which he petitions not to be re-born an artist I am rather in sympathy; but I think it was very rash of him to suggest any other place but "Birmingham" for the scene of his re-birth. Does he really think artists are happier in, say—No, I won't say. It is not fair. The cities are not at fault. It is the national mind, the national point of view, that is at fault.

France and Italy are the homes for artists. France for the artist in letters, and Italy for the artist with the brush. People who are born in this country with a passion for the artistic must either make the best of it or clear out. It is not quite cricket to "flop agin" Birmingham in the secret attic.

"The Voice of the Seven Sparrows."

The daughter of a newspaper proprietor disappears mysteriously! What do you think of that for a

start? A young journalist, one Absalom Smith, who is a good journalist but out of work at the moment, is offered a permanent job on the paper if he can find the daughter of the proprietor.

Good. Just the thing for Absalom. Being a New Yorker, he makes straight for Chinatown. What happens in Chinatown? Does he meet a little girl of the district? He does. And will he fall in love with her? He will. And does she know where he could find the daughter of the newspaper proprietor? Possibly. But will she tell Absalom? Ah!

Anyway, this much you shall know. He gets his job.

*Murder and Its Motives.* By F. Tennyson Jesse. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d. net.)

*Hammer Marks.* By Arthur Hougham. (T. Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

*The Voice of the Seven Sparrows.* By H. S. Keeler. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE FILM THAT SHOCKED THE INHABITANTS OF VERSAILLES: A SCENE IN THE AUSTRIAN PICTURE TAKEN IN THE FAMOUS GARDENS.

Action was recently taken by the French authorities against Herr Otto Kessler, a Viennese film producer, and three actresses, in regard to their alleged action in taking an unauthorised picture in the gardens at Versailles. It is further alleged that the costumes worn by the ladies were so scanty as to shock the inhabitants of the little town. For the benefit of our readers we have omitted one figure from the photograph of the picture reproduced above.—[Photograph by Trampus.]

respect for him. These people are super-egotists. A man who gives way to drink or drugs until he is reduced to such a decadent condition that he commits a crime inspires nobody with respect. A man who dwells on his own self-importance until he is justified to himself in killing a fellow human being is in precisely the same category as the man who gives way to drink or drugs. Both have become degraded through self-indulgence, and you cannot say that one form of self-indulgence is better or worse than another.

A man who murdered in cold blood a very popular actor was sent to Broadmoor. Here he was visited by a colleague of the dead actor, who reproached the murderer for killing his friend.

"Nonsense!" cried the assassin, stretching himself luxuriously along a garden seat. "I gave him the death of a Caesar and the funeral of a Nero!"



*Pre-War Quality and Strength: 25 u.p.*

*15/- per bottle*

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"B.L." is a costly whisky. You cannot buy it for less than 15/- per bottle, but the strength of "B.L." means greater satisfaction from every glass and more glasses from each bottle.

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*Mr. H. Massac Buist*  
*in the*  
*"Morning Post" of July 5th, 1924*

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 to tourists. Ask us for  
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The Wolseley TEN Four-seater £285.

# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



## The Royal Motor-Cars.

Looking back into the history of motoring, one sees everywhere the evidence of a progressive spirit in our Royal House. King Edward VII. privately inspected in 1898, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, one of the very first cars that the Daimler Company manufactured, and soon after gave that firm his first order. Last week Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., in their show-rooms in Pall Mall, had on exhibition that original 1900 car owned by the late King, and flanking it were our present King's old 1910 Daimler limousine, and one of the two new 57-h.p. Daimler motor-carriages his Majesty has ordered to replace his two 1910 Daimlers for official use. To compare the wagonette type of Daimler bought by the late King Edward as his first motor-carriage and the present new magnificent vehicle is almost impossible, as it is difficult to convey to those who have not inspected that early and uncomfortable vehicle its multitude of shortcomings in comparison with the elegance and comfort of the new carriage.

Messrs. Hooper and Co., Ltd., who have held the Royal Warrant for 100 years as coach-builders to the Royal Family, have built both the two new limousine bodies on these Daimler chassis, also two shooting brakes, on identical chassis, so that the King has four interchangeable chassis should occasion demand. That our King should have kept his present Daimlers in constant use for fourteen years before placing the order with Stratton-Instone, Ltd., for his new carriages speaks volumes for their excellent service. That he should buy four new 57-h.p. chassis now is not only well-timed support for the British motor industry, but is a well-merited tribute to the engineering skill of the Daimler Company, and the coach-building craft of Hooper and Co. Also, let it be understood that the King and Queen show more sense in their carriages than do most folk. In the first place, the interior is loftier by six inches than the usual limousine, and nearly a foot higher than the rabbit-hutches or bird-cages on wheels that try to pose as comfortable

## 57-h.p. Daimler Chassis Details.

The present 57-h.p. Daimler chassis on which the King's carriages are carried is an entirely new design, and its features have been especially evolved to enhance its suitability for the Royal service. The frame, for example, incorporates certain new features of construction by which an exceptionally low step to enter the carriage is achieved—a point of importance in any car of this size. The interior of the carriage is more commodious, as, besides the two arm-chairs used by the King and Queen, there is ample room for three equerries in the

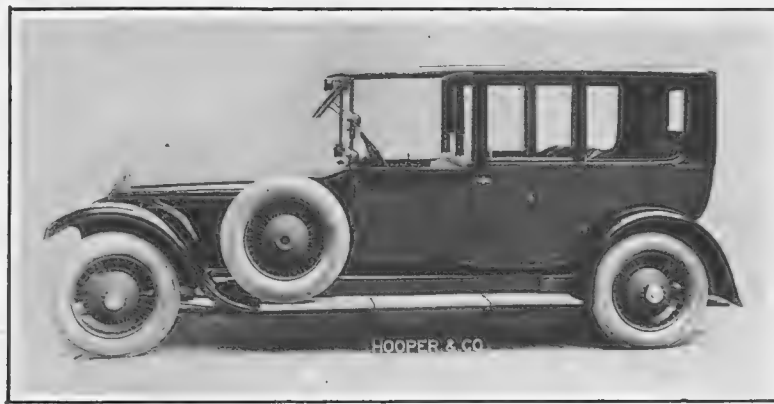
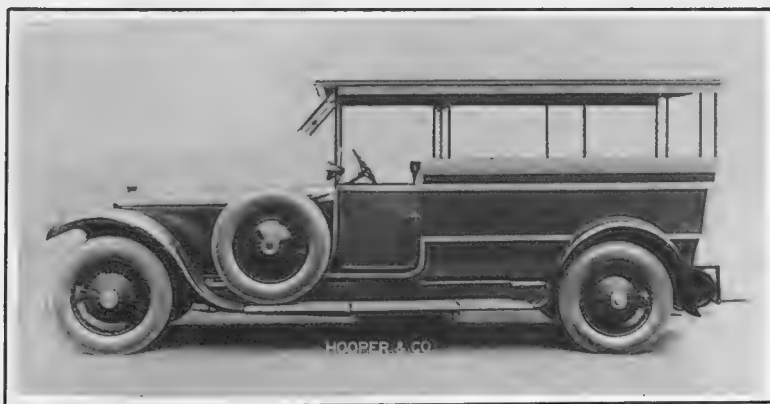


SUPPLIED TO KING EDWARD VII. IN 1900: THE LATE KING'S FIRST DAIMLER CAR.

The car shown in this photograph looks a quaint and prehistoric vehicle, and is, in fact, the first Daimler supplied to the late King Edward VII. in 1900, and is a 6-h.p. model.

rear seat. The next most important of the purely technical features in the design is the four-wheeled brake system. The Daimler Company has been studying front-wheel brake problems for many years, and their system incorporates a patent compensation which permits all four brakes to be adjusted simultaneously at one point, represented by a handle that is readily accessible on opening the bonnet. These brakes give

with a 5 ft. wheel track, and width over the wings of 6 ft. 4½ in.) can speed on the road at 70 miles an hour, if required. In this new chassis also is fitted the Daimler automatic multiple-jet carburetter, hot-water jacketed, and fitted with every convenience for easy starting and economy in all weathers. It was absent from the 1910 model it replaces. A more accessible filter for the oil, also an oil-level indicator, are other details; and in order to prevent over-filling the oil-sump, a cock that is opened and closed simultaneously with the filler cover is provided, from which the oil commences to run when sufficient has been poured into the sump. Petrol is pressure-fed to the carburetter from a 22-gallon tank at the rear of the chassis, duly protected by wooden slats from injury. The air-pump is driven by the engine, and is supplemented by a hand air-pump on the dash-board for starting purposes. This pressure-feed system has been retained because its effectiveness has not diminished with time or use, and there is less to get out of order than with the vacuum system of feed. Not that that in any way suggests this system may go wrong, as some of the other Daimler models employ it. But the pressure system has given such economical service for the big cars that it has been retained in these new 57-h.p. chassis. With their wheel-base of 13 ft. 6 in. they can carry most noble coachwork, and certainly Messrs. Hooper and Co. have carried out their share of this with great skill and craftsmanship. The Daimler Company are constructing only a limited number of these special 57-h.p. chassis. Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., have purchased the available balance, and will gladly send full particulars to those who are interested. I am sure, also, that as Messrs. Hooper and Co. never build two carriages identically (for each customer has his or her individual requirements attended to), they will be also pleased to design coachwork to fit on the chassis, whether



TWO OF H.M. THE KING'S NEW 57-H.P. DAIMLERS WITH HOOPER BODIES: THE SHOOTING BRAKE (LEFT) AND LIMOUSINE.

The King—like his father, the late King Edward VII.—favourites Daimler cars, and has just ordered four new 57-h.p. Daimlers, all with Hooper bodies.

Two of these cars are fitted with limousine bodies, and two with shooting-brake bodies, as illustrated above.

enclosed carriages. One can enter or leave these royal carriages without knocking one's silk hat or head, which is not easy on the usual low interiors of saloons. At the same time there is no "old-fashioned" appearance about these two new Royal carriages because of this extra height, as Messrs. Hooper and Co.'s design is dignified as well as smart—if this latter appellation is a correct term to apply to such noble turn-outs.

wonderful steadiness in control, combined with great safety in wet weather, and a large reserve of retarding force in emergency. Dual ignition is employed for this six-cylinder sleeve-valve engine, with its bore of 124 mm. and 130 mm. stroke, and the sleeves are now constructed of steel in place of cast iron, as in the older patterns. This greatly aids acceleration, and this carriage (whose over-all length is 18 ft. 7 in.,

of the dignity and height which allows plenty of room for its owner to wear a Field-Marshal's hat and plumes without inconvenience, as in the King's carriage; or of lesser dimensions, if so desired. Although considerably larger than the average enclosed motor-carriage, the relative proportions of the King's cars have enabled these coach-builders to produce a vehicle of elegant appearance.





## Two Empresses of Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



### Miss Cecil Leitch Again.

There can be no doubt that the interest in women's golf has been stimulated anew by the victory of Miss Cecil Leitch in the French ladies' open championship at Le Touquet, and the manner of its achievement. For here we saw Miss Leitch once again at her best; her bearing as confident as at any time in her life, her very address of the ball a symbol of determination and the power to conquer, her shots played with all the old snap, and her gift of showing her greatest skill in a difficult situation as marked as ever. I watched a good deal of Miss Leitch's golf when she was incomparably the best lady player in the world, and I was present when—one finger of her right hand useless, although few people knew it at the time—she sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of Miss Joyce Wethered in the final of the British championship at Prince's, Sandwich, in 1922. The little that was seen of her last year (she played only in the autumn) disclosed her as just a shadow of the one-time queen of the links; obviously, she had little faith in herself, and her shots were indecisive. Having observed her in both these stages of her career, I feel the more emboldened to say that at Le Touquet she was the real Miss Leitch again. It was not merely that she brought off the strokes and won her matches; she showed, as in her heyday, those psychological qualities that dominate any set of circumstances.

### Miss Wethered's Easy Way.

We need not stop to discuss what would have happened in ladies' golf if Miss Leitch had escaped that torn muscle in the right arm (sustained in the last match of her American tour in 1921) which began an era of depression in her life on the links. Miss Wethered would have asserted herself in any case. Indeed, she had done so twelve months before the accident afore-mentioned by beating Miss Leitch in the final of the English championship at Sher-ingham. For sheer ease and accuracy and orthodoxy of style, for physical attributes that are used to the full without any apparent effort, and for placidity of temperament, Miss Wethered has never had an equal. To her, the winning of championships seems to be no more difficult and no more exciting than swimming is to a swan. So complete is Miss Wethered's tranquillity and acceptance of the fates that I am not sure that I have ever seen her walk over to the results board at the end of her game—as everybody else does—to discuss the trend of affairs in general and points in her own match. It is enough for her to know what time her next match is due to start.

### Distinction Without Difference.

Still, more than one combination of qualities is capable of excelling on the links. If there had been no Miss Leitch, Miss Wethered would have been regarded as very nearly the eighth wonder of the world—ahead of anybody else in the history of ladies' golf by the proverbial length of a street, and a mighty long street at that. We have to agree, however, that until about two years ago Miss Leitch did things as wonderful as those which Miss Wethered accomplishes now. The distinction between them is that Miss Leitch, for all her commanding personality, never seems to find the game so simple as Miss Wethered does. She braces and settles herself

English "native" championship which is fixed for decision at Cooden Beach, Bexhill-on-Sea, in the week beginning Oct. 6. Here is the setting for what will, perhaps, be regarded as the final test so far as Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch are concerned. In their last three meetings in singles, Miss Wethered has won each time—in the 1922 final of the British championship, in a county match early this season, and in the British championship at Portrush, County Antrim, in May. It is only fair to Miss Leitch to say that she sustained these defeats during the period when she was trying to re-create her game, when her confidence was at low ebb, and when, as a result, some of her shots were lame and halting. Especially was her lack of confidence found out in her putting at Northwood in the county championship, and at Portrush in the British championship. Her putting was very different this month at Le Touquet.

### The Threads Picked up—and Improved.

Prior to these three consecutive set-backs, Miss Leitch held the upper hand. Her defeat by Miss Wethered in the English final of 1920 was the wonder of the year in ladies' golf, but she avenged it doubly in 1921, when she defeated Miss Wethered by 4 and 3 in the British final, and by 6 and 5 in the French final. Consequently, we may take it that, if she has recovered her old touch and self-trust, she is capable of adding to the gaiety of form by coming out on top again—and I verily believe that she has sown the seeds of the big recovery. I would say that, if anything, Miss Leitch was a little bit better at Le Touquet than at any time in that great stage in her career which began before the war and ended just over two years ago. She was the equal of Miss Wethered in her most dazzling form. She kept on doing one or two over 4's in match after match, and in the final she had an average of 4's for the twenty-eight holes which sufficed to enable her to beat Miss Maud Hunnewell by the stupendous margin of 10 up and 8 to play.

### That Troublesome Heel.

Achilles, who was invulnerable except in the heel (the wounding of which ultimately caused him to be slain), has his parallel in Miss Leitch and the heel of her putter. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when she was a very young girl, but nevertheless possessed of the clear-cut qualities of a champion, Miss Leitch's putting was dreadful. She hit her putts tremulously and unsuccessfully. By assiduous practice, she very nearly mastered this weakness; but there are times even now when the heel of Achilles asserts itself. However, putting is largely a matter of artless trust, which is a dispensation that has come back to Miss Leitch so definitely as to give a new zest to ladies' golf of the near future.



ONCE AN OLD MILL HOUSE: THE PICTURESQUE GOLF CLUB HOUSE AT AIX-LES-BAINS.

The Golf Club at Aix-les-Bains has a most picturesque club house, which is shown in our snapshot. It was once an old mill, and has been cleverly converted. Mr. and Mrs. Berryman are shown standing in front of the building.—[Photograph by Alfieri, specially taken for "The Sketch".]

the more solidly and resolutely for the shot; she is always the more concerned-looking player. But that is only the distinction in outward appearances that can be seen between two people in many another walk of life. It does not necessarily affect the results of their efforts. Judging by the signs of Le Touquet, Miss Leitch may yet achieve her crowning ambition—for surely it must be strong within her—of gaining one more victory over Miss Wethered.

**Another Test.** The opportunity is not yet gone for the present year. Presumably both players will take part in the

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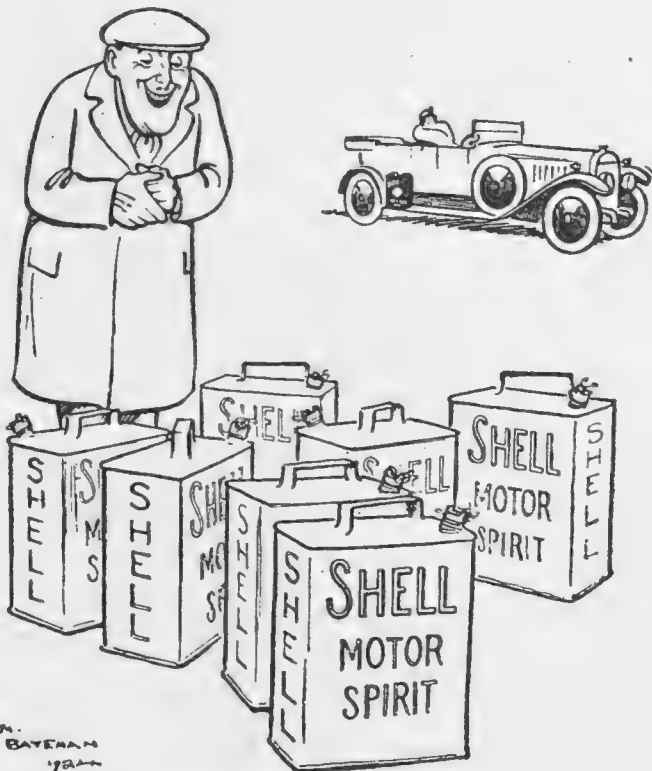
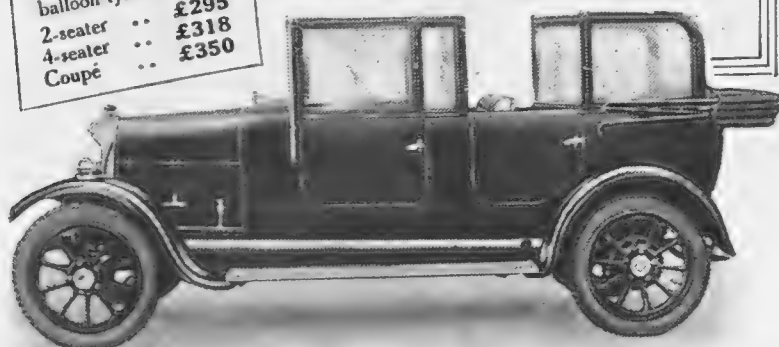
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# WOMAN'S WAYS

By MABEL HOWARD

capotes of every *genre*, thrown lightly over the shoulders, are often lined with beautiful brocades and tissues matching the dresses with which they are worn.

## The Reappearance of the Cat.

It is curious to note that many of the newest and most effective models introduce catskin in some form or another. Not, perhaps, the fur of our familiar household pets, but of unmistakably near relatives, such as the civet cat, the leopard cat, and "putois," a species of polecat. These skins are usually very well marked, and contrast boldly with deep collars and borders of dark fox.

Seal musquash, bordered with kolinsky, expresses this attractive three-quarter-length coat from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

## Furs for the Fashionable Plages.

It was Pinero, I think, who voiced in one of his plays the indubitable truth that "women always look their best in furs." In the light of this pleasing knowledge, it is indeed fortunate for us that furs are fashionable at any season, and this year the diversity of lovely wraps and cloaks created for Deauville, Dinard, and a hundred other gay *plages* is quite bewildering. Foremost in magnificence, of course, come those of chinchilla, Russian sable, and broadtail, the three "priceless" furs. Chinchilla, a soft slate-grey fur with effective dark marking, is, perhaps, the most beautiful and delicate fur in existence. The leather is almost as thin as tissue paper, and it requires the tenderest care. Of late years, however, chinchilla has become increasingly rare, a fate shared by the Russian sables, owing to the complete upheaval of trade conditions in that country. As to broadtail, with its soft, silky surface and delicate skin, it is the fur of very young Persian lamb, and is consequently extremely costly.

## Mole versus Mink.

But chinchilla, sable, and broadtail are now far too expensive to be attainable by the majority. Mink is scarcely more accessible, and the leading furriers have solved the problem by turning to moleskin, squirrel, and nutria for inspiration. Not so very long ago moleskin was chiefly regarded as merely practical for the rough-and-ready waistcoats of stalwart gamekeepers and coachmen. To-day full advantage is taken of its delightful suppleness, and it is used to fashion multitudes of graceful wraps and stoles, beautifully worked in many artistic ways. One lovely moleskin wrap this season has been trimmed with a deep border of ostrich feathers, and another with vivid silken fringes trailing almost to the ground. Fur



An alluring single-skin necklet in baum martin, which may be studied at Harrods.

Coats of real sealskin are again in vogue. An eminent furrier tells me that the dressing of this fur has been so much improved that it is now as light as seal musquash, and is by no means more expensive. Beaver appears chiefly as a trimming, owing to its weight, and handsome coats of nutria and musquash are enhanced with magnificent beaver collars and cuffs.

## Dyed Fox to Match Frocks.

No frock or suit, however summery, is complete this season without a fur stole draped demurely round the neck, whether it be a striking affair six or seven skins wide, or an amusing little dog-collar. Foxes of every description enjoy a distinct prominence. Some are even dyed to match airy frocks of neutral tints, such as sand, dove-grey, and beaver. It is astonishing how versatile in appearance and price is the cross fox. Fine, silver-pointed hairs stand out in bold relief against the beautifully marked dark backgrounds, and last year some perfect specimens ranged from £100 to £150 in value. Black and white is ever a favourite colour-scheme, and many straight frocks of severe black marocain owe their charm to a lovely stole of white or silver fox; while studies in pure white look extremely effective as a background to the new

A lovely platinum-grey fox stole, which must be placed to the credit of Harrods.

all-black fox. Débutantes who have lately made their curtseys at their Majesties' Courts are wearing charming little wraps of white cony, as soft and ethereal as swans-down.

## Pictured Furs.

Every day now the fashionable *plages* welcome more and more visitors to add to the brilliance of the season. A vast choice of beautiful furs specially created for this event is to be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., whence come the fascinating quartet pictured on this page. For motoring or visiting the races on a chilly day nothing could be more practical than the well-fitting coat of seal musquash bordered with kolinsky at the top of the page; while the graceful evening cloak with its enveloping collar and six frills forming the border is created in grey squirrel coney. As a protection against brisk sea breezes, the two stoles offer delightful alternatives. Above is a fine platinum-grey fox (14 gns.), and the captivating necklet, a single-skin baum martin, is only 12½ gns.

(Continued overleaf.)



A beautiful evening cloak from Harrods, expressed in grey squirrel coney.



## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.



Alternate rows of pedal straw and ribbon have been used by Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, for this Taiglon model.

### Charming Hats for Every Occasion.

The name of Henry Heath is synonymous with all that is best in the world of millinery. Three charming models of this famous house at 105, Oxford Street, W., are pictured on this page. On the left is the Taiglon, an attractive soft pull-on hat which is ideal both for town and country wear. It is made of alternate rows of pedal straw and ribbon, in contrast or shades of tone, and can be rolled up for travelling without injury. It is obtainable in a variety of colours, of which perhaps the most attractive are mignonette-green and tangerine; while for river and tennis wear, white is ideal. This little model may be secured for 29s. 6d.

### "The Cloche Goes on For Ever."

In spite of various campaigns against it, the cloche hat refuses to be eliminated from the dictates of fashion. In the centre is a delightful little affair



Faithful evidence of the failure of the campaign against the cloche hat is given by this little affair of blue silk georgette, sponsored by Henry Heath.

carried out in blue silk georgette. It is trimmed with velvet ribbon tied in a bow at the back, one end of which is poised over the crown. An edging of tiny red roses round the brim gives it a distinctive charm. One may become the happy possessor of this chef-d'œuvre for £3 3s.

### A Simple Model for Summer Wear.

The simple charm of the small hat on the right cannot be disputed. Made of imitation Bangkok straw in a light shade of brown, it is encircled with ribbon which ties in a bow at the side, while large velvet flowers artistically shaded are flattened against the front of the crown, and the edge is neatly bound with narrow ribbon. Costing 52s. 6d., it is a most enviable addition to any wardrobe.

### The Lockerbie Coat.

Ideal for the moorlands is this very practical coat, which has been designed and carried out by Aquascutum, Ltd., 126, Regent Street, W. It is made of Aquascutum cloth, but is also obtainable in many other materials, including tweeds, camel and Highland fleeces, and waterproof and windproof coatings. The double-breasted effect with overlapping fronts gives added warmth and protection, while Raglan sleeves and a full skirt allow plenty of freedom of movement. The Kildare coat and skirt, also sponsored by this well-known firm, is the very thing for all sports wear. The suit in the sketch is made in proofed herringbone tweed, with a low belt and useful patch pockets. New wool and weatherproof Aquascutum cloth, and Shetland and Harris tweeds, are other materials used to express this model. All wanting weatherproofs, travelling coats, sports suits, etc., should write for Aquascutum's illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free. A large variety of new capes in many styles are included amongst their newest models.

### Boys' and Girls' Outfits.

Now that summer vacations have commenced, everyone's thoughts will be turned to boys' and girls' outfits. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., are fully equipped



Shaded velvet flowers give added charm to this little summer hat now in the salons of Henry Heath.

for this important branch of their business, and they have made arrangements for early deliveries of autumn models to enable parents to select their requirements well in advance of next school term. It is a mistake to leave the choosing of school outfits until just before term commences; better attention can be given now to the special requirements of certain schools.

### A Remedy for Mosquito Bites.

At this time of the year tender skins suffer terribly from mosquito bites, and it is well worth noting that Wright's Coal Tar Soap is a splendid antidote. It shields the skin from the painful onslaughts of these insects, and regular use ensures freedom from their attacks. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is obtainable everywhere, and no one should fail to try this simple and efficacious remedy.



Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street, W., are responsible for this practical overcoat, which is carried out in Aquascutum cloth.



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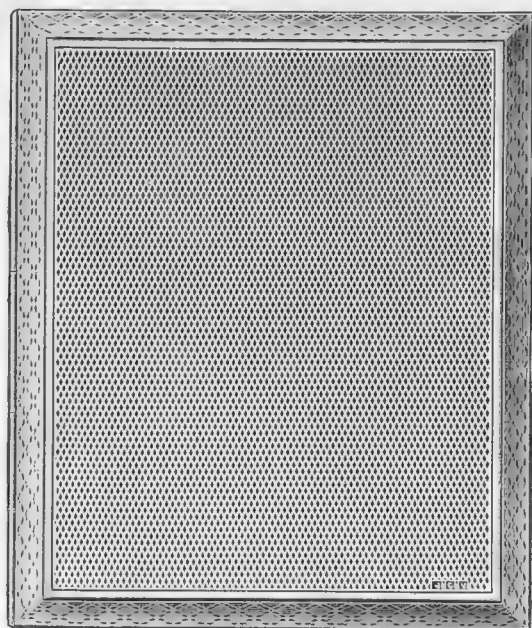
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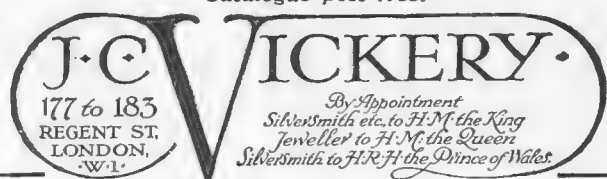
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Matinees Tues. & Thurs., 2.30. (except Tues., Aug. 5). Special Matinee Bank Holiday, Aug. 4.

**GLOBE.** (Ger. 8724-5) Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Thurs., 2.15.  
W. Somerset Maugham's Sensational Play, "OUR BETTERS."  
Margaret Bannerman. Constance Collier. Marion Terry.  
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"YOICKS!" A Revue. Smoking permitted.  
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**DAMASK CLOTHS**  
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2x2½ " " 25/9 "  
24x24 in. Napkins, " "  
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OUR NAME guarantees

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Every Pair Guaranteed.

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Patent, Black Suede, Glacé Kid and Brown Glacé Kid Court Shoe for afternoon wear. L.XV. heel, smart toe (as sketch) Per pair **20/-**



PATENT WALKING SHOE } Derby cut, straight toe  
TAN CALF WALK- } cap, punched, military  
ING SHOE } heel (as sketch). All  
solid leather. Per pair **20/-**



PATENT BLACK SUEDE  
BLACK GLACÉ KID  
GREY SUEDE  
BEAVER GLACÉ KID  
BROWN GLACÉ KID

One button bar shoe, L.XV. heel, smart toe (as sketch) Per pair **20/-**



PATENT BOX CALF  
TAN CALF  
BLACK GLACÉ KID  
BROWN GLACÉ KID } 1 Bar Buckle Walking Shoe, square heel, medium toe, straight toe cap, punched (as sketch). All Solid Leather.

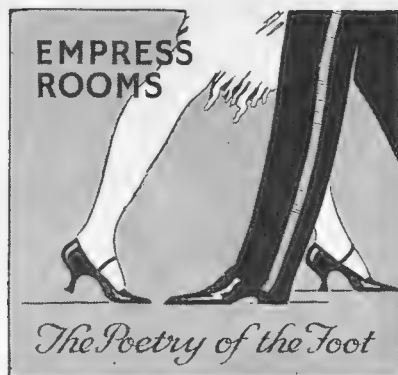


Tan Calf wide 1 bar buckle shoe with 33 crêpe rubber sole and heel, straight toe cap, punched (as sketch) Per pair **20/-**

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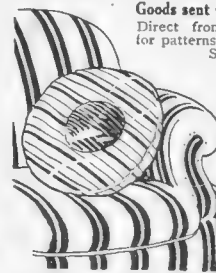
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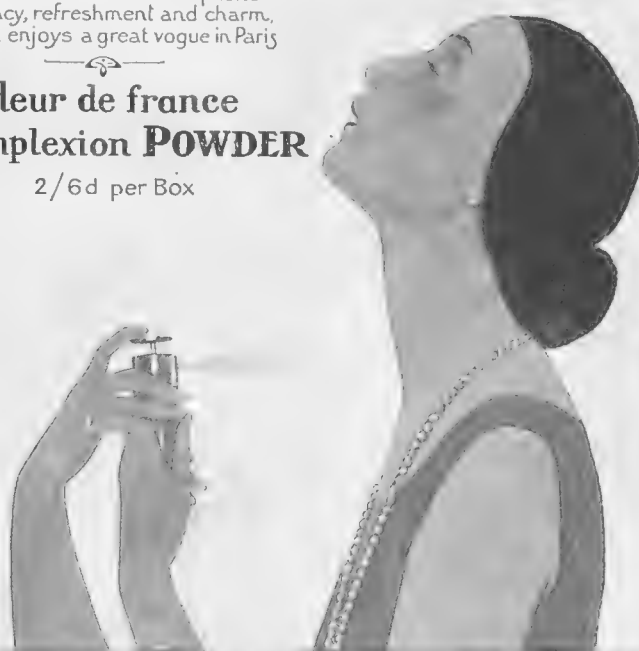
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**KNITTED**  
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**NEW KNITTED WOOLLEN FOUR-PIECE SUIT** (as sketch), exclusive to Harvey Nichols, comprising coat, skirt, jumper and scarf. Most attractive yet useful Suit for street or sports wear, as it is made on practical lines. In a variety of autumnal two-tone colourings.

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AT SPECIAL PRICES

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Jumper Pyjama (as sketch), tailor cut, suitable for young ladies on pure silk heavy quality Crêpe-de-Chine in various stripes on ivory ground, thoroughly recommended for hard wear.

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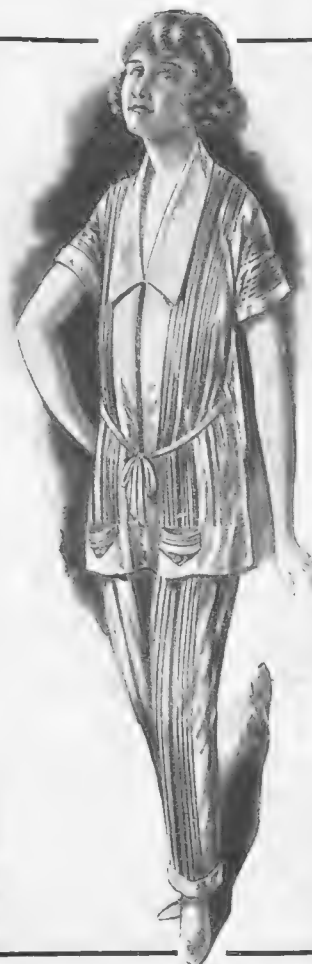
PATENT  
BLACK SUEDE  
BLACK GLACE  
KID  
GREY SUEDE  
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KID  
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KID

One button  
bar shoe  
L.XV. heel,  
smart toe.  
Per pair  
**20/-**

Every pair guaranteed.

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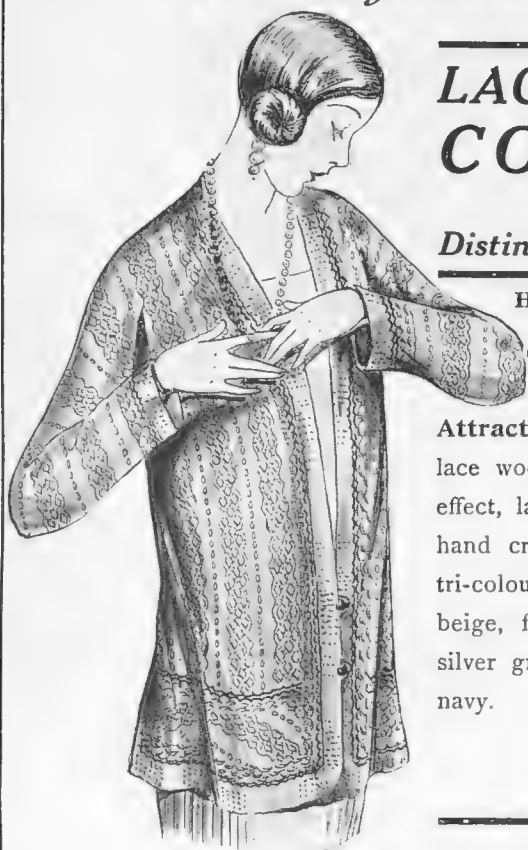
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of  
*Distinction & Charm*

Hosiery Dept., Ground  
Floor.

Attractive Coatee of gauze lace wool, with new basque effect, lace pattern, finished hand crochet in contrasting tri-colour. In black, white, beige, fawn, nude, almond, silver grey, mole, nigger or navy.

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are demonstrating the  
Sphere

## Oval-Octo Suspender

A Real Boon to Ladies.

### IT CANNOT CAUSE LADDERS

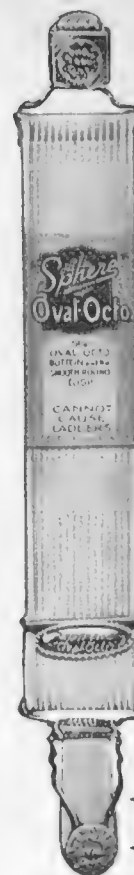
*Oval-Octo Advantages:*

1. The soft and flexible nature of the button itself, there being no metal parts in it.
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3. The smooth round wire loop which has no rough or sharp edges. The SPHERE OVAL-OCTO loop and button grips many more threads of the stocking, and gives a firm and sure hold without damaging the finest material.

*"Sphere"*

Oval-Octo

HARRODS LTD



Security  
Stitch  
Cannot  
Come  
Undone.

Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
No. OV.5.  
Art. Silk Elastic  
(as illustrated)

2/6  
per pair.

Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
No. OV.1.  
Fine Twill  
Elastic.  
1/9 per pair.

Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
No. OV.23.  
Stout Mercer-  
ised Elastic.  
1/6 per pair.

Shows  
Sphere  
Oval-Octo  
Button and  
Loop

LONDON SW1



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Attractive Overshirt (as sketch), made in silk schappe of fine quality, perfectly tailored and cut on long lines, collar finished black Crêpe-de-Chine tie, two small pockets trim the fronts. 13 to 14½. Ivory only.

Price  
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Outsize 3/- extra.

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COURT DRESSMAKERS  
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sold by the leading drapers.

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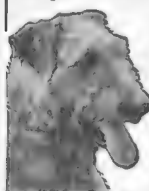
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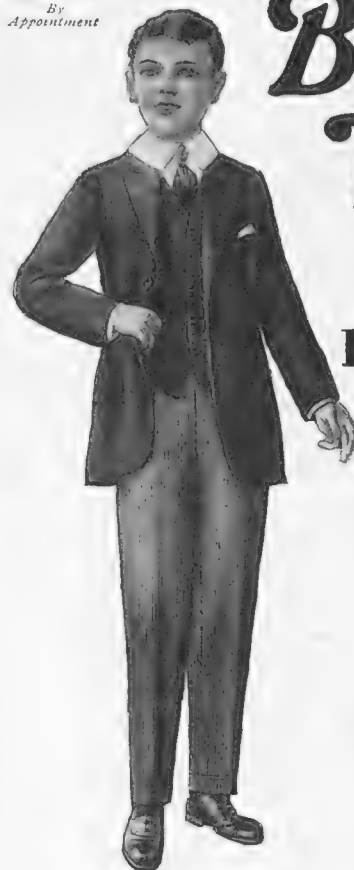
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By Appointment



### JACKET and VEST

In Black Vicuna cloth to measure from ... **75/-**  
Striped Trousers to measure from 30/-

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By Appointment



### Clothes for Holiday & Coming — Term —

The same tailoring artistry that has made the name Bernard Weatherill famous as men's tailors is devoted in no less degree to the production of clothing for Boys and Youths.

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Model Millinery Department.



ATTRACTIVE FELT HAT, trimmed with band embroidered in bright colours. In brown, beige, black, navy and grey.

Price 70/-

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& FREEBODY**  
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Flavoured with  
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Delicious  
Wholesome  
Refreshing

# ALL OVER BAR THE SHOUTING!



THIS little figure of Miss Sketch shows you what she has in store for some of you lucky ones; that is, a nice fat

**Cheque for £1000,**

or not quite so fat a

**Cheque for £100;**

to say nothing of other Valuable Prizes. The whole prodigious list is given below.

But who is the lucky man, or woman, or child? That remains to be seen; for it must be understood that our readers are as numberless as the grains of sand on the seashore.

All we can say is that the prizes have been won; for to-day, the 30th July, is the last day for receiving entries.

We must crave your indulgence, readers all, because you will quite understand that the sorting, checking, and listing of the entries cannot be done in a minute, and it will be some while before the winners can be announced; but we promise that the time of waiting will be reduced to the minimum.

We are glad to take this opportunity of thanking our readers for the extraordinary interest they have shown in our present competition. The last one was astonishing, but this one outpaced it in every particular.

We wish you could have seen our mails. From every quarter of the globe, the entries have poured in; even from places which we did not know were occupied by civilised persons! From Hudson Bay to Cape Horn, from Helsingfors to the Antarctic, from Pekin to Valparaiso, the entries have rushed in.

While thanking you all, you will pardon a sigh of relief that at last the stream has dried up, and we can get to the work of finding the winners.

Whoever you may be, you lucky ones, you have our congratulations. When the time comes, which will be very shortly, you will receive your prizes, with all our best wishes. They will be given gladly and ungrudgingly. Indeed, all of you, successful and unsuccessful, have earned our gratitude for the interest you have taken in a paper which is not merely ours, but yours also.

## OUR £2,000 COMPETITION

### THE LIST OF PRIZES.

**First Prize - £1,000**

**2nd Prize.—TWO-SEATER 14/28 H.P. MORRIS-  
OXFORD CAR, complete and ready for the road;  
Value £300**

**3rd Prize.—£144 Aeolian 'Pianola' Piano.**

**4th Prize.—£100.**

**5th Prize.—A Canteen of Community Plate; value £94 10s.**

**6th Prize.—The marvellous Ciné-Kodak and Kodascope; value £80.**

**7th Prize.—Splendid Cliftohone; value £75.**

**8th Prize.—£50 in Cash,**

**9th Prize.—A Necklace of the Famous Tecla Artificial Pearls, with  
Platinum and Real Diamond Clasp; value £17.**

**10th Prize.—£10 in Cash.**

**11th Prize.—£10 in Cash.**

**12th Prize.—£10 in Cash.**

**13th Prize.—£10 in Cash.**

**14th Prize.—£10 in Cash.**

**15th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.**

**16th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.**

**17th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.**

**18th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.**

**19th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.**

**20th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.**

**21st Prize.—A Dressing Case, by Madame Helena Rubinstein, the  
noted Beauty Specialist (containing her beauty preparations.)**

**22nd Prize.—Ethovox Loud-Speaker for Wireless, by Burndept;  
value £5.**

**23rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**24th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**25th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**26th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**27th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**28th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**29th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**30th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**31st Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**32nd Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**33rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**34th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**35th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**36th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**37th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**38th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**39th Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**40th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**41st Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**42nd Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

**43rd Prize.—A Swan Fountain Pen.**

**44th Prize.—A Casket of 150 State Express Cigarettes.**

*N.B.—The third prize-winner will be given the option whether he will take the £100 in cash or the Pianola Piano, worth £144; in which case the fourth prize-winner will be awarded whichever is not selected. Similarly, the seventh prize-winner will be given the option of taking the £50 or the £75 Cliftohone—the eighth prize-winner taking whichever is not chosen.*



# BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

(Continued from page 225.)

"True," I said. "Very well, then. By the way, do you know Lady Burberry? I'd like to introduce you," and, seizing the young man by the elbow, I led him across the room to a beautiful creature with the appearance of a mannequin—a complete stranger, I regret to say.

"Do you know Lord Ronald?" I said. "Lord Ronald—Lady Burberry." And I left them stammering at each other.

I stepped swiftly back and whispered three words in Mrs. Banbury's ear.

"Rubbish!" she replied, but instantly took my arm and sailed with flying colour from the room. Mrs. Banbury, I think, has never spent so little time in a cloak-room.

"Damn it!" I said halting halfway down the stairs. "I've forgotten your partner."

"That brute!" said Mrs. Banbury. "Don't speak of him!"

"Mr. Smith," I said.

"I forgot him too," said she.

There was a great clamour above, and a door was slammed.

"Too late," I said, and we passed on.

"Poor Mr. Smith!" said Phyllis.

We all went the next day to see Mr. Smith fined £10 as an "illicit consumer."

Mrs. B.'s dashing friend gave his evidence with admirable clearness, and looked very well in his uniform.

"The beast!" muttered Mrs. B., pallid under her veil. "To pretend like that!"

"Be fair," I said. "I don't imagine it was all pretence—by any means. After all, the police are only human."

Mrs. Banbury blushed. I looked away. When I looked again, she had raised her veil. Just the tiniest bit. . . .

*This interesting series by A. P. Herbert will be continued from week to week.*

# BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LIX.

## ABOUT LOSING.

I READ in an evening paper the other day that consternation reigned at a certain London club because a visitor of very high repute as a bridge authority lost £24 at one sitting. The visitor was no other than Miss Florence Irwin, the well-known American writer, and she lost £24. Fancy!

I don't know if we were meant to understand from the paragraph that, after all, Miss Irwin can be no great shakes at the game, or that her opponents were pretty hot stuff who need have no fear at tackling a big bridge expert (even an American one), or who, at any rate, were well able to hold their own in exalted company—to the tune of £24, anyhow; in short, that our chosen (at bridge) have something to buck about, and are now entitled to wear their hats at a more than usually critical angle. I say I don't know if this is what was inferred; but, if so, it was nonsense.

There are two fallacies (among others) about the play at Auction. No. 1, that a good writer on the game must of necessity be a good player; and No. 2, that a good player must always win. The rank and file of Auction players have an idea that the expert writer is a magician who invariably makes the best call, and who, somehow, can always stop his partner making the worst one, and that by super-play he will make a deuce beat an ace.

No. 1 is a colossal fallacy—as a fact, the expert writer is not *per se* an expert player. The difference between theory and practice is great, and your writer is so saturated with theory that, paradoxically enough, his play actually suffers from it. You see, for one thing, he loses the human touch

completely; he imagines that all other players are extreme theorists like himself; while, although he may be a great fellow in working things out on paper, when time is no object, he may not be able to get ahead with them so readily when sitting at a bridge table, when time, to an extent, is an object; and, anyhow, cutting this out and allowing that the expert may still retain a little of the human touch and all that, why *should* he be an expert player? A playwright is not of necessity a good actor, or an actor at all; even a producer of plays, who teaches the actors to act, need not be able to act himself; and I see no reason why a man who writes an excellent book on billiards need be able to play a stroke; so at bridge, a man may be able to propound most excellent and sound theories on paper without being able to reproduce them at the card table; and even if he could, as I have said, it would be detrimental probably to his play. One of the soundest theoretical players I ever knew went broke at the game. He never deviated one jot from making the correct theoretical move, but he had no, what Dalton calls "flair," and I call "hunch," so, of course, he went broke.

No. 2 is merely an absurdity. The best player will win, and win well in the long run, but even the super-player will have his bad run, just the same as anybody else. It may be, and probably is, at least 11 to 10 on him winning every time he sits down to a rubber; but in all matters over which we have no dead control, and in some that we have, the good things, so to speak, will have their bad times. The bank at Monte Carlo, or the bookmaker—both have the odds in their favour on each event. But it is nothing unusual for the roulette bank to have a losing day, nor is it uncommon for a bookmaker to have a losing month—or, indeed, a losing year. Even the best

[Continued overleaf.]

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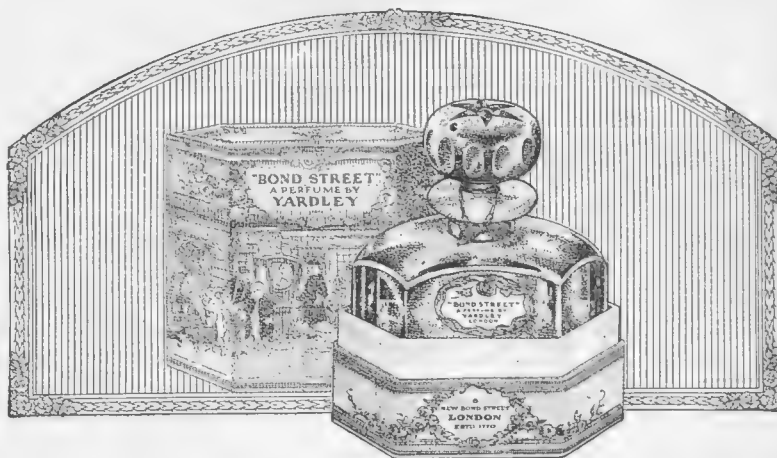
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Continued

player at poker loses sometimes, and the odds in his favour must be nearer 20 than 10 to 1.

Wherefore, then, consternation because a bridge expert lost £24 at one sitting? A matter in all of but some 5000 points, or, say, a matter of four bad rubbers. What's that for a sitting, which should run to quite seven or eight rubbers?

Now, I've not had the pleasure of playing with Miss Irwin (but I have read her books with great interest, and though, perhaps, not agreeing with all she says, I have found her most readable and amusing, too—for she writes delightfully—and instructive), so I cannot express any opinion as to what even I consider her play. But I should say that the fact of her having lost £24 at a sitting is in itself a certain amount of evidence that she is a good player. Very likely it is possible that a weaker player would not have lost more than half the amount on exactly the same cards and under the same conditions. Good players, you see, take risks, risks that other players shun; and it is by taking these risks, and knowing when to take them, that good players win. When the risk goes wrong, as it must now and again, the loss is heavy, and it would appear that the play is bad and not worth it; but in the long run taking risks, and heavy risks, is a paying proposition—in the hands of a good player.

You'll often hear people say, and be proud of it, that they never call unless they hold the solid material. "You can trust me, partner; my calls are always sound." Then I know I can trust them neither as card-players nor as potential winners. They do some good when they do call, of course;

but in the meantime they are doing a devil of a lot of harm because they won't call.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. D. (Montreal).—Thanks for yours about contract, which is most interesting. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you out there this autumn.

A. B. P.—As dealer, and at any score, I should pass on K, Q, Kn, 10, 8, 4 of clubs, Kn, x, x, x, x, spades, and one small diamond and heart. Some players bid clubs here—one or more—but I never can see why.

ONIX.—A friend of mine bid a spade on five to the Q; ace, king of clubs; and ace, king of hearts. He made a small slam. But he is no longer on speaking terms with his partner, because he called without top honours. This is a fact, and appears to be something like your own experience. Some theory *v.* practice here, eh?

The holiday season suggests the advisability of increasing one's stock of Vocalion records, so the August record bulletin announcements are of special interest to those who want the latest songs and tunes for their gramophones. The newest records now on sale include "Speak to Me," and "The Curtain Falls," by Guy d'Hardelot, sung by Mr. Eric Marshall. This well-known baritone, by the way, is a friend of Mme. Guy d'Hardelot, and collaborates with her in regard to the interpretation of her songs, so that he renders them just as the writer intends. Two excellent records for August holiday festivities are Miss Christie Melville in "Memory Lane," from "Yoicks," and "Blind Love," with a saxophone, violin, and piano accompaniment; and Mr. Sidney Hamilton in "Don't Mind the Rain" and "Sleep."

## NOVEL NOTES.

SIEGE PERILOUS. By MAUD DIVER. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

Short stories, not a full-dress novel, this time from Mrs. Diver; but, needless to say, the scene is India. Nothing like finding a good line and sticking to it. The author takes care to give us plenty of variety. "Siege Perilous," the story which plays the title rôle in the book, has Mrs. Diver's familiar touch on the Anglo-Indian keyboard; but this is true of the agreeable bundle as a whole. It is a tale of a woman of smirched reputation and her guardian, a benevolent colonel, who tried to play Providence. Once more, inevitably, the author introduces the problem of the half-caste in "Requital," one of the best pieces in this collection. Mrs. Diver's India is always interesting, and although her work has usually a "purpose"—the enlightenment of stay-at-homes on Indian questions—she never forgets that the tale's the thing, and she takes care to tell it well.

THE RED HORSE. By CHRISTOPHER ROVER. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)

A double event: that is, two stories and two only in the book. As usual, the publisher has spotted a thoroughly good thing, both as story-telling and writing. Mr. G. R., like Antonio Stradivari, "has an eye that winces at false work and loves the true." The best story is about another Sonia (Russian, *pur sang*) who went through the Red Terror in Moscow. Sonia tells her tale with a fine reflectiveness and yet with sufficient thrill. Like Dr. Manette in Revolutionary Paris, Sonia, in Red Moscow, "walked with a

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued.]

steady head." The other story has for its scene Flanders in war-time, and the title is just that—"War Time." The book is a little *tour de force* of fine characterisation and admirable literary skill. You *must* read it, for it's well worth while.

JULIA. By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Gray McFadden, American author, valetudinarian, dilettante, and globe-trotter, never told his love. But concealment does not seem to have fed very voraciously on his damask cheek, for he remains sprightly and alert throughout. He had need to be. The story he tells in the first person is confused to dithering. His elderly love, Julia, had the most matrimonially mixed-up gang of relations novelist ever devised. The story is partly about Julia and her queer love-adventures, partly about the queerer passions of Julia's man-crazy daughter, Sandra, and partly about the dizzying and dissolute gang of connections. On a Channel boat, Julia, already divorced and again married, saw a puffec' stranger-man. They looked, loved, and parted at Dover, while McFadden looked on. Later Sandra got married to mamma's stranger-fancy-man, and a wild-goose chase began, ending in Julia's second divorce. The Baroness von Hutten, the witty creator of "Pam," has done herself less than justice. "Julia" is sad tosh.

THE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE WIFE. By AMY J. BAKER. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

Another story of a man-crazy young woman. "Puff" Withers (christened Veronica

Mary) was a clergyman's daughter. (They all say that.) But Puff was *really* a child of the cloth (for all her crêpe-de-Chine togs). And she was, from the outset, a nasty, untidy, loose little baggage. She marries an elderly R.A.M.C. officer, Colonel Angus, a good fellow, almost the only decent person in the book. Puff soon gives him the slip, and runs a full gamut of shabby adventures with her beastly friends. The night before her marriage a man called her a "damn little rotter." It was the right description. Puff is enough to put fiction out of fashion. Unrelieved vice is so dull and dismal. Puff!

SILVER STAR-DUST. By CECIL ADAIR: (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

Estelle and Cosmo, a pair of boy and girl lovers, heard the Music of the Spheres, and lived in an innocent world of rhapsody. They wrote high-flown letters and indifferent verses, which never bored them, but are apt to bore the reader, who can have too much saccharine sentimentality. At school they called Cosmo "the Fainting Star" or "the Falling Star," because he had an unhappy trick of fainting. But he rebelled against his weakness, and came through another and rather more sensational ordeal. He was sure the stars had saved him. Which is all very satisfactory. A vague book, rather of the "goody sort," but the author has a huge following of readers, whom one can only wish joy of this latest of the "Joy of Life" novels, for that is their official description. But unrelieved virtue can also be plaguey dull.


STAIRWAY OF THE SUN. By ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

A man's redemption is an old theme, but that is no reason why it should not be treated afresh. It will last as long as mankind can err and pull up, and its possibilities are endless. Mr. Ritchie has managed his story well. Coates Blanding (how wonderful the Americans are at surname Christian names!) "dodged the draft," a shameful thing in an able-bodied man. The penalty was loss of American citizenship, so to Hawaii Coates retired and got pretty far down the ladder. The Japanese question has a look in, and gives Coates his chance to turn over a new leaf. He took it. But, of course, a woman helped him. Looks bald in outline, but the story is, in more than one sense, volcanic. Read it and see.

THE SECRET OF BOGEY HOUSE. By HERBERT ADAMS. (Methuen; 3s. 6d.)

The secret of Bogey House had to be found out, and the man to do it was Tony Bridgeman, a good golfer (plus two), but down on his luck financially. Whether he had any qualification other than pure native genius for detective work doesn't appear, and doesn't really matter. Tony was out of a job and in need of cash, so he was wise, perhaps, to accept £200 down (and no extras) to find out what was the matter at Bogey House. Anyhow, it was the place that would require a plus-two man, for besides being bogey by name, it was bogey-bogey in its weird arrangements. Also a place full of hazards, animate and inanimate. But Tony did the trick, and it is not bad sport to read how he managed to pull it (and the £200 fee) off.

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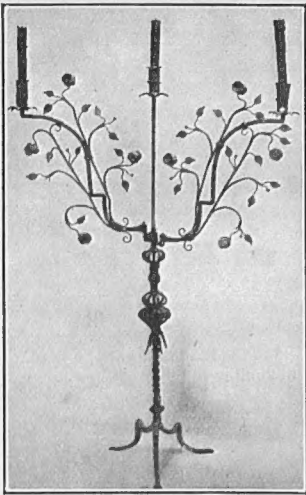
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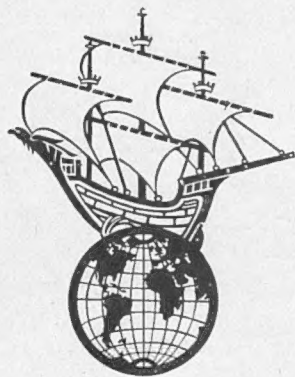
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## Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

### IV. A Dutch Impression



"I don't think the waiter can have noticed," said Mrs. Brown to her husband. They were still sitting at their table in one of the Wembley restaurants.

"Noticed what?" asked Henry Brown.

"Noticed you snap your fingers and say '*psst!*'"

"But I never—" and then Henry observed that his wife was absently toying with an empty glass; and he also observed that it was quite a warm day; and like the perfect understanding husband that he was he ordered two more glasses of Barclay's Lager. "After all, they were only small ones, weren't they" murmured Mrs. Brown with a sigh of content.

"If you really want to glory and drink deep," said Henry with a reminiscent look in his eye, "you should go to Holland. Imagine yourself there—a land overflowing with bulb-growers and Lager Beer. Why, at a single sitting you would get through—"

"Henry," interrupted his wife imperiously, "I will *not* be dragged to Holland—even in the spirit—and made a party to your disgraceful orgies. Besides, who wants to go to Holland when we grow such delightful Lager at home?"

"Exactly, my dear," said Henry Brown. "I was about to explain that I have never felt the *wanderlust* of my bachelor days since Barclays took to brewing Lager."

(To be continued)

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## CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"NEVER in all my life have I known London to be so full"; and "That's because," explained The Jobber, "London has never before been so full in all your life."

"And yet the City gets nothing out of it."

"How about the dividends that are being earned by the big stores, the hotels, the Underground? Do you mean to tell me that all this invasion fails to bring indirect benefit to the City?"

"We are very idle in the Stock Exchange," was The Jobber's apology. "Sometimes I think that trade must be more thrilling than the House. Think of the joy it must be to deal in a thousand Lotus or Deltas! Think of it, man!"

"Well," and The City Editor humoured his friend's train of thought, "I'd prefer to deal in motor-cars rather than in motor shares. I'd stick to good, medium-priced stuff—Overlands, Beans, Calcotts, Crossleys, Morris Oxford, and so forth."

"I hear that the Austin Fourth Debenture is good to have," remarked The Engineer. "The figures are likely to prove very satisfactory, and the stock pays ten per cent. on the money at the present price."

"It's a spec., of course. Pity we can't Triplex-glass our shares and be safe. The Triplex Company can have that suggestion for nothing."

"You might apply it to Home Railway stocks, with considerable advantage to the holders of most of them. Rotten market, isn't it?"

"What can you expect?" asked The Merchant. "You put in a Labour Government"—he was promptly quenched by a storm of protest against introducing politics.

"Yes; London is very full," he said, after recovery of his breath. "Though I believe the sensible people have mostly gone away for their holidays."

The withering gibe left them cold, and The Engineer began to ask about Nitrates. "Time that market became a bit more lively, isn't it?" he suggested.

"It would be if there were any public business about," declared The Broker. "But I think we've had too many new issues lately; they don't give the old ones a chance to get going. Some of the new things are fairly cheap too."

"Harland and Wolff Preference are all right. Pay you six per cent. on the money."

"I think," considered The Engineer, "that, for a man, six per cent. isn't enough. For myself, I'd have Whitehall Electric 7½ per cent. Preference at 19s. 6d., and take the risk."

"The new Courtauld Preference pay only a trifle over 5 per cent., and yet people will buy them."

"Some of the older five per cent. Preferences stand over par, and yield less than the War Loan. They're the sort of medicine to take for financial worries. If somebody would only leave me a couple of thousand B.A.T. Pref., I'd become as young and bonny as a Glaxo baby."

"Nothing like the old remedies," said The Jobber sagely. "Give me Eno's, Beecham's—"

They shouted with laughter.

"Washed down with soothing draughts of Horlick's malted milk and Ovaltine?" queried The Merchant.

"You're a ribald and unsympathetic gang of medical students, and I sincerely hope that all the stock you're a bull of will go down, and all your bears will go up."

"Why do Shells keep on wasting away?" inquired The Broker. "I can't make it out, and I get dozens of letters asking me for the reason."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oh, I answer that at the present rate of dividend the yield is not tempting enough to make people buy the shares."

"That's a very cogent explanation, surely?"

"In a way, it is. And I daresay it's the right one. The public like to see a chance of improvement when they buy anything, and the Oil outlook is still cloudy."

"I'm sure it's right to go on with good Tea shares," The Merchant affirmed. "Eastern Assams are worth anybody's buying, so long as the speculative nature of Tea is recognised."

"You'd switch Tobacco into Tea?"

"H'm! that's a delicate proposition. The two trades are so totally distinct. Oh, look at the rain! Now, if this keeps on, what am I to do this evening with a pair of American girls we've got at home?"

"Take them to the Empress Rooms and teach them how to dance."

"Aha! That's not such a bad idea. Considering the dance they've led me—"

His details of the dance would be quite uninteresting, no doubt, to most of you.

Friday, July 25, 1924.



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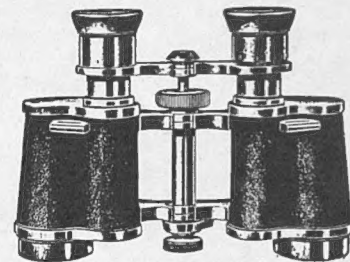
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